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MAUREEN DHU,

THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE CLADDAGH.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

CHAPTER III.

Half an hour after and the Claddagh was a blaze of light. At every crossing bonfire smoked and crackled. The mud walls of the adjacent cottages, even those undisguised by whitewash, wore a warm, ruddy hue, and the small windows glowed in the red firelight like sheets of burnished metal. And there in their glory were men and women of the Claddagh the former loking as blithe and cheerful as though nothing had occurred to throw a damp on their festivities. The materials for the bonfires being all pre-arranged in burning order by the granddames of the community, with the efficient aid of younger grandsons and granddaughters, the men, on their return from the city, had nothing to do but readjust their gala costume, which, to say the truth—was in "most admirable disorder"—and efface from their visages the sanguinary marks of the recent conflict. In some cases this was easily done, in others not so easy, owing to the unlucky appendage of one, or perhaps two black eyes, a broken nose, or a villanous contusion which was certainly anything but advantageous to the wearer's appearance. Happily for these doughty champions their bruises were esteemed honorable on that occasion, and gave them indisputable claims to the favor and good-will of the pretty blushing damsels who stood eying them askance from behind the capacious bulk of a father or mother.

Conspicuous amongst all the maidens of the Claddagh on that memorable Midsummer evening was Maureen Dhu—her tall and most graceful form wrapped in a thin shawl, she stood leaning on the arm of her younger brother watching the quick combustion of the large pile—much larger than the others—placed in front of the Admiral's house. Maureen was the queen of the sports that evening, as much on account of her successful interference as from special rights long conceded. And maybe Randal More was not a proud man as he looked on his beautiful daughter and heard the blessings coupled with her name on every side. He was standing in the old archway of his own dwelling, eyeing Maureen with a proud and happy smile as he saw her led out to open the dance by his favorite Shan Driscoll. Suddenly a deep, musical voice spoke near him, and the old man turned with a start for he knew it was none of the Claddagh men who spoke. A dark and noble countenance was smiling within the shaded doorway.

"It were hard to say, Randal More," said the gentleman, addressing him in his own dialect, "whether you are a prouder man at this moment than when you marched at the head of the Claddagh boys through Galway, clearing the way for the head Sassenach from Dublin."

"It's a different thing altogether, sir," the old man returned with a calm, self-satisfied smile; "I was proud of the Claddagh then, but but it's of my daughter I'm a-thinking now. And sure it's no wonder, your honor, that my old heart swells up when I look at her—where would you see her equal?"

"She has few equals, I must own," was the stranger's reply, yet he smiled at the simple fervor with which the old man spoke, while his own eyes involuntarily rested on the queen-like form of Maureen, as it flitted around in the merry dance.

"But I was speaking of the day, Randal, when you and your brave fellows formed a guard of honor to the Lord Lieutenant."

"We did it twice, your honor, sir," interrupted Randal, with a kindling eye—"the first time you couldn't remember, for you were but a child—that was when the other chief Sassenach came to pay the old city a visit; he was a brave old man, too, but he wanted a leg—a *boccagh*, poor man! he was, and more the pity, for he spoke us all kind and fair, and gave the Claddagh boys ten gold guineas to drink his health."

"But you were not Mayor of the Claddagh, then, Randal, for that is more than twenty years ago?"

"No, no, sir, Shan Driscoll's father was our head then—may his soul rest in peace!—I was younger then than I am now, your honor, and I tell you there wasn't a man in Galway town would like to stand before me when my blood was up. Sure enough we were all well pleased with them two Sassenach lords—and a hearty welcome we did give them.* But isn't it the great honor you're paying us, yourself, Mr. Fitzstephen."

"Not at all, Randall, not at all, I just came to have a peep at the dancing—I was curious, in fact, to see how the boys would foot it after all the hard knocks they gave and took awhile ago."

"Maybe your honor wouldn't be above trying your hand at a jig or something of that kind?"

Fitzstephen laughed. "My feet you mean, Randal?"

"Oh! to be sure, sir, to be sure, but you know what I mean—we poor fishermen can't put our words together like you quality. But *will* you take a step, sir?—just to have it to say that you danced round a bonfire in the Claddagh."

"Excuse me, Randal! I merely came to look on as I said," and Fitzstephen drew farther back into the shade; "I would cu tbut a sorry figure, I fear, amongst such dancers as that!" pointing as he spoke to Shan Driscoll, who was cutting all sorts of comical capers and showing off his well-formed legs to the great admiration of those friends aad neighbors who were not figuring in the dance. Shan was evidently one of the happiest of mortals. His eyes sparkled, and his whole face glowed with the pleasurable excitement of the moment, and the triumph of having Maureen for a partner. As for Maureen herself no one could judge what her feelings were. Calm and self-possessed as usual, there was neither joy nor any other strong feeling visible on her features, and she moved through the dance, lightly and gracefully, but rather too quietly to please her partner, who, as he led her out through the opening circle of lookers-on, could not refrain from saying in a tone of vexation:

"I'm afraid, Maureen, there's some meaning in your always asking for 'The Bouchaleen Bui.' I wish some of us could turn our hair yellow, and put the red and white on our faces like some we know. More's the pity they can't stand their ground like men, for all they *are* 'the Bouchaleen Bui.' Hasn't them raps of coal-heavers the hard hearts all out to go spoil such handsome faces with their big fists, and make the girls so down-hearted!"

"For shame, Shan Driscoll!" Maureen quickly answered, and the flashing glance which accompanied the words was a far more cutting rebuke.

"Well, Maureen, don't be angry with me," said Shan in a deprecating tone, and he blushed so deeply that even through the bronzed hue of his cheek the warm blood was visible—"don't be angry and I'll say nothing to offend you."

"I'm not angry—not a bit angry, Shan! for I know what you say isn't from your heart—but don't make little of Brien Kineely even in words, for you only make little of yourself when you do it. *You* know him, and *I* know him, Shan! and it doesn't become you to run him down, especially when his back is turned."

"Who is this Kineely?" inquired Fitzstephen of Randal who insisted on remaining by his side.

Why then, indeed, your honor, he's one of the finest fellows about the Claddagh, for all he got the worst of it in the town within.

"Oh!" said Fitzstephen slowly, "it was he that bit the dust before the huge Vulcan ——" he stopped and cast his eyes moodily on the ground.

"What did you say, sir?"

"Nothing of any consequence, Randal. But indeed I cannot allow you to remain here longer. See old Vara beckons you to go yonder—she seems to have some business on hands."

"I'll warrant she has, sir, for she couldn't live without it. Well! I suppose I must go and see what she wants, but I'll be back in no time, your honor."

Off he went at a swinging pace, the crowd making way for him as he passed. He was about to ask his mother-in-law in no very gentle terms what she wanted him for, but the words were never spoken, for Vara was bending down over an aged crone—more aged than herself—and feeble too—whom Brien Kineely was endeavoring to seat on a large stone. It was Brien's grandmother whom he had carried down to see the sport. Randal, thinking his assistance was required, owing to Brien's recent mishap, took hold of the old woman as tenderly as one would an infant, and turned her so as to face the bonfire, but Vara whispered in his ear: "It wasn't for that I wanted you—send Yeman or Barney to the house for a chair, and we'll make More as comfortable as heart can wish—but listen here, Randal!—there's some Sassenach red-coats coming up there after our Maureen—keep an eye on them, Randal!—that's my bidding!"

Randal waited to hear no more. Hurrying back to where he had seen Maureen, great was his surprise to find her dancing with no less a person than Mr. Fitzstephen, whom he had left so quietly standing in the porch but a few minutes before. Foremost in the group of lookers-on he also observed some three or four officers, their handsome undress uniform and soldierly bearing clearly revealed by the red glare from the crackling blaze. At the first glance Randal did not perceive the strong emotion depicted on the face of Fitzstephen, or the angry frown on the haughty brow of a tall, distinguished-looking officer who stood with folded arms watching the dance. Near this gentleman, but rather behind him, was Shan Driscoll, his face as red as the bonfire blaze, and his dark eye flashing from under his closely-knitted brows with a look of sullen displeasure.

"What's this?—what's this?" whispered Randal at his side.

"Ay! what is it?" the young man returned with bitter emphasis, and raising his voice so high that Randal nudged him with his elbow; "I suppose there will be no standing Maureen now?"

"But what is it all about, I ask you again?"

"Why, don't you see these Sassenachs here that came out on Maureen's account, to be sure? This tall fellow here," pointing with his thumb over his shoulder towards the person indicated, "made up to Maureen there a minute ago and asked her to dance with him—she was just stepping out, when who should dart from your own porch but Mr. Fitzstephen, and right between them he went and took Maureen's hand from the officer and led her out in spite of his teeth. They'll set her mad before all's over," he muttered through his teeth, "and she was bad enough before!"

Whatever Randal's thought's might have been he kept them to himself, but he took good care to remain near his daughter as long as the strangers were present. It might be that his paternal pride was gratified by the admiration which Maureen atracted, and that, too, from persons so far above her in station, but if so there was not a trace of either triumph or satisfaction visible on his swarthy face. On the contrary, he looked darker and sterner than usual, and drew back behind the crowd as if anxious to shun observation.

It was hard to say what was passing in Maureen's mind as she flitted through the merry reel with her stately partner. At all times calm and collected, with a mien as high and noble as though she had "*dwelt*" all her life "*in marble halls,*" she showed no more emotion or excitement on that occasion than if Brien Kineely or Shan Driscoll had been her partner. Fitzstephen, on the contrary, was much more animated than usual, and the glance half-humorous, half-exulting, which he cast on the discomfited soldier from time to time, clearly showed that he considered his position an enviable one.

When the dance was ended, Fitzstephen, with a courtly bow, led his partner to a seat on a neighboring bench, and took his station at her side. Immediately the officer advanced with a doubtful smile on his moustached lip, and glancing at Fitzstephen with a mocking air, said to Maureen:

"Will the Admiral's daughter *now* favor *me*?—or rather will this gentleman allow her?" Maureen looked at him and smiled, but made no answer for a very good reason. He had spoken in English, of which language she hardly understood a word.

"What does he say?" she asked of Fitzstephen, and looking up she was surprised to see his face glowing and his kindling eye fixed on the officer.

"He wants you to dance with him," he said, "and, of course, you may if you wish, but I would rather you did not."

"And why not, sir?" said the girl rising and giving her hand to the other with rather a pleased expression of countenance. It was very natural that Maureen's girlish vanity should be gratified by the visible admiration of the brilliant strangers who had come to the Claddagh solely on her account. It was also very natural, and no way surprising, that Shan Driscoll should look on the officers with a jealous eye, and watch their motions with distrust; it was not more strange that he should, in desperation, make up to pretty Nora Shanaghan and take her out to dance, to her evident satisfaction, but it *was*

* Lord Anglesea, and at a later period, Lord Normanby, made a tour of the principal cities for purposes of conciliation, and on both occasions, the Viceroy was escorted through Galway city by the Claddagh fishermen, who marched before them as a guard of honor.

strange, and passing strange, that he should hasten to where Brien Kincely sat by the side of his aged parent and whisper in his ear that something must be done to get rid of the Sassenachs.

"Why so, Shan?" asked Brien in some surprise, "what harm are they doing us?—we have often had gentlemen out at the bonfires before now, and if they come to see the sport, why there let them!"

"Fool!" muttered Shan between his teeth, "I tell you, Brien! it's after Maureen O'Hara they came now. Her name is gone far and near through the city for what happened to-night, and they came to have a look at her, *and more than that, too*, Brien! if we let them! —there's Fitzstephen, too—up, up, man! up, I tell you, and let us see if we can't make the place too hot for them!—my soul to glory! but there's the two other Sassenachs out now with Nell Burke and Brid O'Connor."

"Granny!" said Brien, in a flurried tremulous voice, speaking loud enough to make the deaf old woman hear, "Granny! Ill leave you for a little start, but you'll not be lonesome—there's plenty of the neighbors round you."

"To be sure, *astore!* to be sure there is—go and have a dance, achorra, and if you'd just clear them out of the way till I get a sight of you and Maureen!"

"Ha! ha!" said Shan with a bitter laugh, "Maureen has other fish in the pan at the present time—look now, Brien! can your blood bear that, cool as it is?"

A movement in the crowd round the fire had just disclosed Maureen and her late partner standing side by side; the officer had just bent his head to whisper some words of admiration, and as he did so, he gently encircled the taper waist of Maureen with his arm. This was too much for even Brien to bear, and his anger once roused he thought of nothing but chastising what he considered the presumption of these haughty strangers. So with clenched fist he was about to rush on the officer without even looking at Shan, when the upraised arm of each was arrested by a sudden movement on the part of Maureen. Drawing herself quickly from the officer's encircling arm, she darted to the opposite side of the fire where her father stood by the side of Fitzstephen, and pointing to her late partner, she said aloud with startling energy:

"Take that man away!" at the same moment Brid O'Connor saluted *her* military cavalier with a back slap so well aimed that his nose spouted blood, and Nell Burke was seen to give the third officer such a vigorous box in the ear that it made him reel. A loud laugh arose from the bystanders, who well understood that the strangers had been making more free than was welcome, and, before the laugh was over, Shan Driscoll and Brien Kincely, seizing the tall officer on either side, walked him off the ground, half a dozen other young men doing as much for his comrades.

"That's right, boys!" Randal shouted after them, "see them safe out of the village—cool and quiet, lads!—show them your manners now!"

At first the gentlemen struggled a little, and seemed disposed to resist, but they soon gave up the attempt, finding their arms as closely pinioned to their sides as though they were trussed and skewered in poultry fashion. The iron grasp of the Claddagh boys was not to be shaken off, and their stern looks were anything but encouraging for conversation, so off they all three marched in silence, propelled rather faster than they could have wished by their very uncorteous escort, and greeted by the derisive shouts of men, women and children. Many a gratuitous admonition met their ears as they passed, spoken in such English as the Claddagh women had acquired in the sale of their fish. High over all, at the very top of the gamut, were the shrill tones of Vara Halliday, and her voice was the last distinguishable sound that reached their ears. Her words, as may be imagined, were anything but complimentary.

"Good for you, you vagabonds," said the gentle matron, who had followed them to the very end of the village; "maybe you'll know better from this out how to take a dance with a decent girl. The Claddagh's the place to teach manners to the likes of you. There isn't a boy in it, you bosthoons, but can show you the way to conduct yourselves decently. Mind and never show your hairy faces here again or the women of us will give you a dip, depend upon it! let alone the men!"

A scornful smile was the only answer to this and many other such delicate hints, and the military gentlemen thought proper to maintain a dignified silence till, having reached the outside of the gate leading into town, they were released and severally thrust into the archway. Their common impulse was to call loudly for the police, but with a mocking laugh and a contemptuous snap of the fingers, the Claddagh boys took at once to their heels, and were already far on their homeward road before the guardians of the night reached the spot. Panting and breathless they rushed from all directions to the number of some six or eight, and such rattling was never heard before or since in Galway city. In their haste they ran against each other, and were much surprised—I will not say disappointed—to find that the noise was all of their own making. The officers, feeling their position rather an awkward one, and having no mind to provoke investigation into the adventures of the evening, had prudently betaken themselves to the shelter of a deep archway near the scene of action, so that the constables were left in undisturbed possession of the field. After exchanging a hearty laugh they quietly returned to their respective "beats," well pleased to find (if truth must be told) that the Claddagh men were *not* within reach of their *batons*.

(To be continued.)

DR. BROWNSON'S LECTURE.

Dr. Brownson's Lecture at the Academy of Music on the evening of Tuesday, the 12th inst., was successful and triumphant in the extreme and must be gratifying to the eminent lecturer as it was creditable to the Catholic body of the city of New York. Respecting the number of those who assembled on that occasion, it is enough for our purpose to state that several of our morning cotemporaries pronounced it "one of the largest audiences ever assembled within the walls of that building." The platform was crowded with a number of our most distinguished Catholic citizens, together with numbers of the clergy. His Grace the Archbishop, as well as the Right Rev. Dr. Loughlin, Bishop of Brooklyn, were also in attendance. On coming to the front of the platform the Dr. was hailed with enthusiastic bursts of applause, which were several times reiterated.

He commenced his lecture by stating he would deal with the popular objections urged against the Catholic Church, and among the first, the objection that the Church restrained the individuality of man. He was willing to admit that the Church restrained that individualism which was contrary to law and social order, but not that which it recognized as true independence of character. Man was not isolated in his individuality; he was subject to the laws of society, of truth and of God. That objection could be made with more truth against Protestantism, for the Protestant view of his individuality rendered him servile and cringing to the popular opinion of his fellows, of his own sect and his own coterie. In no two countries of the world was there so much servility as in the two principal Protestant countries, England and the United States; nowhere else was there so much snobbery and flunkeyism. And this was not due to the character of the people, but to their Protestantism. The Catholic will brave anything rather than bend to wrong; hence the Church has its martyrs, because behind society and individualism there stand truth and principle. The Catholic feels that he is supported by the Almighty; and what cares he for popular caprice or popular opinion? He denied that it was reason or individuality of character which the Church restrained, but the abuse of them. The next objection was that the Catholic Church favored superstition, and encouraged superstitious practices. Superstition, he admitted, was bad, but it was not worse than infidelity, nor quite as bad. If he understood what superstition meant, he thought it was expecting effects from inadequate causes—just as if he was to expect an eloquent lecture from the pitcher on the table, they might call him superstitious; but in what were Catholics superstitious? It was true they reverenced the Mother of God; so did every one, except very bad men and devils. They revered the images and relics of the saints; but only because of their worth, because they had done God's service faithfully and were now enjoying their reward; but in what manner they do not ask them or the Virgin for anything which God alone can grant—they did not expect effects from inadequate causes. What were called the common people of every nation were superstitious, and none more so than Protestants. He remembered in his youth listening to ghost stories until the candle seemed to burn blue. At this day and in this country superstition was rife in the form of spiritualism or spirit rapping. Men got their living by conversing with the dead. Talk of the superstition of Catholic countries, but you cannot go anywhere among Protestants without finding it. Some of them may be clear of it; but it was a fact that almost all the doctors, professors, clergymen, literary men, and, above all, literary women in the country, were spirit rappers. Although Catholics retained and talked about and embodied in their poetry old superstitions and traditions, as we invoke the heathen goddesses or the muses, they had no faith in them. But it should not be forgotten that not long ago in this country witchcraft was believed in, and the penalties of that crime were visited by Protestants on Protestants. In Norway, where Catholicity was not tolerated, the government had lately to send a military force to a certain part of the country to suppress the worship of the heathen god Odin. The next objection to the Church was that it degrades the reason, the intellect and human nature. What was it to degrade human nature? Was it to allow it all the good it possesses, all the power which belongs to it—to demand from reason the exercise of all its attributes in its own sphere; but to deny its ability to know that which was above reason, beyond its scope? That was a simple proposition. Protestantism imposed the greatest degradation of all human nature when it denied it the faculty of free will, so that according to that doctrine, no man is capable of his own natural powers of doing a good action. This Catholicity does not do. It recognizes nature as having suffered by the fall, but as still capable of good. Everything Catholic imparts a high sense of the dignity and worth of man. Another objection which is dwelt upon as the most conclusive of all, is that the Church is unfavorable to civilization and national prosperity and the progress of humanity. He did not recognize the doctrine that man was naturally progressive by his own power. No doubt progress was a historical fact, but that progress was brought about by the supernatural aid of God's grace and by His revelations. He would not test any religion by its material prosperity; for a nation is often prosperous without religion, and in spite of religion. He held that no modern nation surpasses in civilization and natural greatness, the great nations of antiquity. We were constantly taunted with the difference between the growth of Protestant and Catholic nations, of England and the United States, with that of Italy, Spain, and South and Central America. But these latter countries have all declined—as it is alleged because they are Catholic—yet they attained their greatest height under the Catholic religion. When it was said of Portugal and of Spain, as is now said of England, that the sun never sets on their empires, they were more Catholic than they are to-day. If Catholicity be the cause of the decline of Spain, how comes it that she was the mightiest of empires when she was more Catholic than she is now? This was equally true of Venice, Genoa, and all the Italian republics. In the sixth century there was not a civilized country in the west of Europe, yet in the sixteenth all the nations of Europe were civilized. Their civilization might not have been as advanced as that of the nineteenth century, but they had staple governments and laws, and this mighty progress took place under the Catholic religion. It should be remembered, too, that Catholicity had to commence this work with barbarians, and to begin it three or four times over, and without any assistance except its own divine spirit and energy. And so it was until Martin Luther, in his audacity, flung his inkstand into the devil's face. (Cheers.) Protestantism took possession of what Catholicity built up, and started with it as a capital; yet the progress of Protestant nations was infinitely slower than that of the Catholic nations when they had no capital. When you owe your civilization to Catholicity, how can you say that it is unfavorable to civilization? He would not say there had been no progress in Protestant nations, but it was but the development of principles which Catholicity had founded. England boasted of her constitution. Where did she get it? It was sent to her by Pope Adrian, through his legate, and adopted by the Council there. (Applause.) While England has lost much, she has added nothing to civilization but the development of what she has retained. Point to any tribe that English or American Protestantism has raised to civilization. They have done something, to be sure, towards it; but it was only to serve themselves, and that was done by exterminating the barbarians and taking their place. The lecturer referred to the early history of this country, and said that though we are a civilized people now, yet who were we? Surely not the Indians reclaimed from barbarism. We were the descendants of Europeans, civilized not by Protestantism, but by Catholicity. He alluded to English rule in India as a proof of the way Protestant nations civilized the barbarians, and said that the howl for revenge on the Sepoys now issuing from the press of England showed that the people of that country had but little Christian civilization. With regard to Mexico and Central America he admitted that the people were inferior to the people of this country. And why? Because they were the once barbarous natives civilized; for while we exterminated the Indians Spain and Portugal Christianized them. More than four-fifths of the population of Meixco were descendants of those who were savages when Spain took possession of it. This was the way Catholics civilized a people, whilst Protestants gave them a few Bibles and tracts and then exterminated them. We hear a great deal of talk of "Americanizing" Central America—that means Yankeeizing it. He claimed that the people there were not as degraded as when the Spanish missionaries found them, and contended that Catholicity was not unfavorable to civilization. This age, he asserted, was lapsing fearfully into carnal Judaism; that faith was that the Messiah was to come as a temporal prince and give his people all the good things of this world; but he came as a spiritual prince, and the carnal Jews rejected him and crucified him between two thieves. The same spirit exists now. The Church was not given to promote national prosperity, and attempts are made to crush it because it does not make us rich, and our eyes stand out with fatness; because it does not invent steam engines, lightning telegraphs or railroads. It does not make us rich, and we reject it as the carnal Jews rejected the Messiah. The Son of God did not die to make us rich in worldly wealth, but in love and charity. The objections to the Church are no longer religious objections; these have ceased to be raised, and all other objections will soon vanish. The Church has been opposed in all ages and by every nation. Talent, genius, power have been brought to crush her; yet here she is before us as fresh and beautiful as when she emerged from the catacombs and planted the Cross on the capital of the world. (Applause.) And she will remain through all history; every weapon will fall powerless against her. She will be the stronger for opposition, and every Catholic will cling the closer to her and love her more in proportion as she is opposed.

At the conclusion of the above eloquent discourse the audience testified their approbation by repeated manifestations of applause, which were still further heightened by the appearance of his Grace Archbishop Hughes, who advanced to the front of the stage and spoke substantially as follows:

I do not wish to disturb the pleasant—nay, the triumphant feelings which must be yours after the eloquent discourse you have just heard. I had no intention of making even these remarks, but as there seemed to be a desire that I should speak I beg leave to express my joy at beholding this great and immense multitude assembled on this auspicious occasion. (Applause.)

ATTACKED BY BRIGANDS.—The following account is given of an attempt made by some brigands on the Very Rev. Dr. Whitehead, Mr. Maurice C. J. Blake, of Tower Hill, and some other Irish gentlemen, on their way from Civita Vecchia to Rome: "When the party arrived at Civita Vecchia it was too late by the time their luggage had been searched and examined to engage their seats in 'the dilligence' for Rome. They met there a gentleman and his lady, Mr. and Mrs. Harper, who were similarly circumstanced. Unwilling to stop for that night at Civita Vecchia they all agreed to take a special carriage and proceed direct without any delay. It was, however, twelve o'clock before they were ready for starting. There is a small village, named 'Paolo,' just half-way between Civita Vecchia and Rome. Here the driver of the carriage stopped one hour and a half in order to feed his horses, and 'the party' meanwhile dined at the inn, and at six o'clock, P.M., resumed their journey. When about four miles beyond the village, a banditti, consisting of seven in number, armed with bludgeons, pistols, and knives, jumped on a sudden from behind the hedge which fenced the road, and in a moment stopped the carriage and seized the horses. Mr. Blake was sitting in front with the driver; the rest of the party were in the coupe. When the attack was made the driver threw himself down on the ground and there remained. It is the general belief of the party that he himself was implicated with the others in the affair, which would seem to have been concocted during their stop at Paolo. One of the gang then struck Mr. Blake a blow on the left arm. Mr. Blake drew a stiletto, which he happened to have with him, and sprung upon the fellow, when another of them instantly discharged his pistol at Mr. Blake's head, but fortunately it missed him, the ball having passed just close by the crown of his travelling cap. Mr. Blake then pursued his assailant, who ran from him about twenty yards down the road, but another of them aimed with his bludgeon a tremendous blow at Mr. Blake's head, which he parried off with his right arm. Mr. Blake then took up two stones in order to defend himself, and retreated back to the carriage hotly pursued by the whole of the gang, who now surrounded him, and dealt him several blows which felled him to the earth quite insensible. The banditti then robbed him of a valuable gold watch and chain, and, having rifled the whole party of all the gold and silver they could find upon them, decamped. The party having placed Mr. Blake in the carriage, proceeded onwards in the direction of Rome."

CHURCH BELLS.—The following list contains the age, locality, and weight of the principal bells in Europe: Moscow, 1736 (broken 1787), 250 tons; another 1817, 110 tons; three others, 16 to 31 tons; Novogorod, 31 tons; Olmutz, 17 tons 18 cwt.; Vienna, 1711, 17 tons 14 cwt.; Westminster, 1856, 15 tons 18 1-2 cwt.; Erfurt, 1497, 13 tons 15 cwt.; Paris 1680, 12 tons 16 cwt.; Sens, 13 tons; Montreal, 1847, 12 tons 15 cwt.; Cologne 1448, 11 tons 3 cwt.; Breslau, 1507, 11 tons; Gorlitz, 10 tons 17 cwt.; York, 1847, 10 tons 15 cwt.; Bruges, 1680, 10 tons 5 cwt.; St. Peter's, Rome, 8 tons; Oxford, 1680, 7 tons 12 cwt.; Lucerne, 1636, 7 tons 11 cwt.; Halberstadt, 1457, 7 tons 10 cwt.; Antwerp, 7 tons 3 cwt.; Brussels, 7 tons 1 1-2 cwt.; Dantzic, 1453, 6 tons 1 cwt.; Lincoln, 1834, 5 tons 2 cwt.; St. Paul, 1716, 5 tons 4 cwt.; Ghent, 4 tons 18 cwt.; Boulogne, new, 4 tons 18 cwt.; Exeter, 1675, 4 tons 10 cwt.; Old Lincoln, 1610, 4 tons 8 cwt.; fourth quarter bell Westminster, 1857, 4 tons.—*Leed's Mercury*.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,
OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

O'Connell's Book on Ireland—Treatment of an unoffending Citizen in 1798—Increase of Repealers—Reason why the Corn Exchange was originally chosen for the Meetings of the Catholic Association—Desire of the Irish for Self-government—Feeling in Ireland at the Time of the French and Belgian Revolutions of 1830—O'Connell "King of the French."

On the 28th, I dined with John O'Connell, at his cottage at Blackrock. The Liberator was just on the eve of publishing his work, "A Memoir on Ireland, Native and Saxon." Delays, arising from many causes, had occurred in the production of this work. It had now been thrown aside from October, 1841, to January, 1843, and O'Connell still postponed, from day to day, the composition of the preface. He said that with the exception of the preface, and one or two trifling additions, the first volume had for fifteen months past been ready for publication. He now threw off the preface, which assumed the shape of a dedication to the Queen.

O'Connell enjoyed the anticipation of the abuse which he foresaw would be levelled at him. "How the English papers will abuse and vituperate me for the publication of this book."

"Aye, will they," said the Bishop of Down, "and some of the Irish papers too."

"No doubt, the Orange rags. But, seriously, it will be a most useful publication. People in general are totally ignorant of the crimes of the English monsters in their rule of Ireland—the facts of history are forgotten, at least in the details. There's that story of a general massacre of the Protestants, in 1641—you scarcely meet any one who does not believe it, yet there never was a more thorough fabrication! History has been so completely falsified, that not only is the truth unknown, but the foulest falsehoods have passed current as Gospel truths; the characters of the two contending parties have been quite reversed, and the horrible crimes committed by the English upon the Irish have been quietly laid to the charge of the Irish themselves, in the fictitious narratives that are popularly called histories. Many of the Orange scoundrels, in 1797, rivalled the atrocities of Coote and his blood-thirsty gang. In that year Orange Sneyd committed a murder of the character of Coote's. Coote made his guide, a boy, blow into his pistol, and while the youth's mouth was at the muzzle, shot him dead. In '97, Sneyd was standing at the door of Mrs. L'Estrange's public-house, in Fleet street, and wantonly shot a boy dead who had brought him a message."

The following day O'Connell resumed the subject of the state of Ireland, in 1798.

"In that year," said he, "my friend ——— and his two brothers were taken prisoners by a magistrate who owed their mother £2,000. The worthy justice went to that lady and said, 'If you don't release my bond, I'll have your sons flogged and hanged.' 'Sir,' answered she, 'if you were to treat *me* in that manner, you could not extort the bond from me; and I am much mistaken, if my sons have not, at least, as much firmness as their mother.' Fortunately, Judge Day, who was a very humane man, went the circuit; and, as no witnesses appeared against the ———, he discharged them by proclamation. In pronouncing their discharge, Day gave the young men a sort of moral and political lecture, in which he congratulated them on their escape, and advised loyal conduct for the future. The youngest brother,* who was then but nineteen years of age, indignantly interrupted the judge. 'You have no business to lecture us, my lord,' said he, 'as if we were guilty of disloyalty. We are perfectly innocent, and are quite as loyal as your lordship. Had our enemies been able to establish any sort of case against us, they would not have failed to produce their witnesses. It is too bad, then, my lord, to lecture us, as if our conduct had, in any respect, been censurable.' Day, who was a thorough gentleman, bowed, and said, 'You are quite right, Mr. ———, and I was wrong. I beg your pardon.'

"Next morning, the eldest brother was again seized, and thrown into jail, by the machinations of the worthy magistrate who owed his mother money. The jailer was a savage brute, and took every opportunity of tormenting him. One day he came to his cell, and said, with a diabolical grin, 'I've news that is bitter to *you*, and pleasant to *me*—your two brothers have been hanged, and *you* are to be strung up to-morrow.' Mr. ——— was well enough aware of the frightful character of the times to know that this was at least possible. 'Is what you have told me really true?' he asked the gaoler. 'Upon my oath it is!' answered the latter. 'Then, my man,' cried Mr. ———, 'before I leave this world, I will have the satisfaction of giving you as good a licking as ever man got!' So saying, he pounced upon the gaoler, and walloped him awfully. The gaoler screamed, and his screams attracted persons without, who would have fired at Mr. ——— through the grating in the door, only that he constantly kept the gaoler between himself and the door. ——— continued to thrash the gaoler until he was unable, from exhaustion, to thrash him any longer. The gaoler then went off, and soon returned with sixty-eight pounds' weight of irons, with which he and his assistants loaded poor ———. When ironed, ——— was laid on the bed, and the gaoler beat him with a knotted blackthorn stick, as long as he was able to stand over him. He then kept him forty-eight hours without food; and when the commanding officer who inspected the prison arrived, he was utterly astonished how ——— survived the treatment he had received. Finding that there was not the shadow of any accusation against him, that officer sent him free upon his own responsibility. What times!" exclaimed O'Connell, after he had narrated this incident; "What a scene! ——— thrashing the gaoler, and the gaoler thrashing ———! What a country, in which such scenes could be enacted!"

He then told us, that when travelling some years ago with a friend named Franks, they were posting along at a very early hour of the morning, when they espied the hero of the thrashing adventure waiting on the road side for the mail-coach, equipped with a carpet-bag, a pair of horse pistols, a cage containing a brace of fighting cocks, and a huge sabre which he bore in his hand. Franks made the post-boy stop. "Holla! my dear fellow," he cried from the carriage window, "what are you waiting on the road for?" "I'm waiting to take the mail," responded ———. "*Take the mail!*" repeated Frank; "egad, you are fully equipped to take a citadel!"

The number of the Repealers increased in 1843 so rapidly, that the usual room at the Corn Exchange was found wholly inadequate to the accommodation of the public. Crowds were continually forced to go away, from inability to obtain admittance. O'Connell suggested the propriety of adjourning to Classon's Theatre in Abbey street, but was induced to abandon this plan on the representation of Mr. Ray. Indeed he had not any strong affection for a project (though started by himself) which involved the desertion of the Corn Exchange. The Corn Exchange was the scene of his political labors for many a long year; it was by the organization of which it was the center, that he had achieved the triumph of civil and religious liberty. The place had associations that were dear to his heart, and he, therefore, very readily adopted Mr. Ray's plan of building a larger apartment on the premises, to which we might adjourn whenever the original room should prove too small for the members in attendance.

"At the outset of the old Catholic Association," said O'Connell, "I inspected various places (amongst others, Home's Commercial Mart on Usher's Island) with a view to procure a suitable apartment for the meetings of that body. I learned that if I should select any *unprotected* site, it was the purpose of the anti-Catholic students of Trinity College to muster in full force; and endeavor, at least, to expel the Catholic associators by physical violence. I accordingly looked out for a room in such a neighborhood as might deter the college lads from making their proposed attempt. Of course they would, under any circumstances, have been worsted; but it might have in some measure injured our cause had the meetings been liable to disturbance, and had any of them broken up in a riot. The Corn Exchange possessed the advantage of being in the close vicinity of at least 150 disengaged coal porters, every day in the week, who would have thrown the College lads into the Liffey in case of any effort to disturb the proceedings. This circumstance was known to the intending aggressors, and the salutary knowledge effectually checked their projects of intrusion."

One of the most favorite fictions with English political writers and journalists, is the assertion that the Irish people are wholly indifferent about self-legislation, unless when stirred up by O'Connell or some other agitator to a sense of grievance on the subject.

Nothing can be more false than this assertion. On the contrary, the natural impulse of every man's mind is in favor of self-government. If the mind of an Irishman were wholly unbiassed by religious bigotry or any other anti-Irish influence, he would almost as a matter of necessity be a friend to domestic legislation. For my own part, as I have already said, I was a Repealer before I ever heard of O'Connell's name. I was a Repealer the moment I learned from the elder members of my family that we had once had an Irish Parliament, and that the Union extinguished it.

O'Connell's labor was sometimes not so much to inspire the people with Repeal sentiments, as to prevent their running too far and too fast. In 1830 there was a strong disposition to resort to arms to achieve Repeal. France and Belgium had successfully appealed to arms against their unpopular monarchies. The example was in a high degree stimulating to the hot and ardent spirits of the Irish nation. Many would have gladly taken the field against the accursed Union. I have often heard the question asked by peasants, "*When do you think the Counsellor will call us out?*" A strongly-rooted notion had possessed their minds, that as England detested conceding anything to justice, those who sought their rights from her must in the end use military force to extort them. O'Connell told me that one day, after he had made a speech denouncing all weapons save those of opinion in the struggle for freedom, a man in the crowd shook his clenched fist menacingly at him, saying, "*You are betraying us! If you let us fight it out we'd win the day.*" O'Connell expressed his belief that if the Irish people had at that time taken the field, the soldiery would have joined them.

As I have adverted to the events of 1830, let me mention a slight incident connected with that period. We have already seen that a few Belgian admirers of O'Connell proposed to confer the crown of Belgium on him. The Bishop of Ardagh told me, that a French captain of artillery said to him, shortly after the *trois jours de Juillet*, "Some of us imagined that your O'Connell was born at St. Omer's. Ah! if he had been a native of our country, we would have made him King of the French!"

(To be continued.)

* I am acquainted with this gentleman, whose name I suppress, believing that its publication would be distasteful to him

SPANISH AFFAIRS.

Great joy and exultation in the old land of Spain on the birth of the young Prince of Asturias. Addresses of congratulation, and pledges of loyalty and attachment, are pouring in from all quarters of the country, while the Queen, on her part, adds to the general rejoicing by acts of well-timed clemency. The *Gazette de Madrid*, of the 8th December, publishes the following royal manifesto:

"Anxious to celebrate the birth of my august son, the Prince of Asturias, and with the consent of my ministers, I decree the following:

"'1st—A full and general pardon to all those absent or banished from Spain for political offences, and not ordinary crimes. 2nd—That my minister of that department will do what seems fit for the colonial provinces. 3rd—That my other ministers shall attend to the fulfilment of these my decrees. Given at the Palace, the 7th December, 1857.'"

The Archbishop of Irana was presented to the Queen as Apostolic Nuncio and representative at the baptismal font of his Holiness the Pope, who is to be sponsor to the young prince. Then presenting his letter to the Queen, the Archbishop spoke in the Spanish language, to the following effect:

"MADAME:—Our Holy Father in conferring on me the honor of Apostolic Nuncio to your Majesty, has also appointed me delegate extraordinary to hold in his name, at the baptismal font, the august Prince whom Providence has given to you and to Spain.

"In placing, Madame, in your royal hands the pontifical letters which accredit me in these two honorable qualities, it is truly pleasing to me to fulfil the mission which his Holiness has anxiously entrusted to me—that of congratulating your Majesty, and your august spouse, on this auspicious event; and to express the extreme delight with which his Holiness accedes to the pious wish of your Majesty, in becoming the godfather of your illustrious child.

"He desires to give you this as a new and special proof of his paternal affection for your Majesty and his solicitude for this Catholic kingdom.

"In adding my own fervent prayers, that the Royal Prince may, under the protection of the Immaculate Virgin, realize the consoling hopes to which his birth has given rise, I trust to obtain the good will of your Majesty, and I shall endeavor to merit it still more by strenuously seconding the anxious desires of the glorious Pious IX. for the greater advantage of the faithful and our holy religion."

The Nuncio having placed the Pontifical letters in the Queen's hands, her Majesty replied as follows:

"MONSIEUR LE NONCE:—Your presence in this kingdom is highly pleasing to me, as it will tend to consolidate more and more the ancient relations existing between the Holy See and the Court of Spain.

"Words fail me to describe to you the deep impression made on my heart by the sentiments of paternal solicitude which, in the name of the Holy See, you have expressed.

"The high and special mission with which you are charged is a new proof of the tender anxiety of his Holiness for my family and the Spanish nation, honored as it is with the title of Catholic. With you, M. le Nonce, I am pleased to express my satisfaction, because the eminent qualities united in so distinguished a person render you highly capable of promoting better harmony between Church and State to the great advantage of both."

LOVE OF IRELAND—HENRY GILES, ESQ.

(From the New Era.)

We have already spoken of Henry Giles as the most gifted of living lecturers. Though his published lectures want the inexpressible charm of his oral manner, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting from the second volume of his "Lectures and Essays" on love of Ireland:

"Much there is in Ireland that we most dearly love. We love its music, sweet and sad, and low and lonely; it comes with a pathos, a melancholy, a melody, on the pulses of the heart, that no other music breathes, and while it grieves, it soothes. It seems to flow with long complaint over the course of ages, or to grasp with broken sobs through the ruins and fragments of historic thought. We are glad with the humor of Ireland, so buoyant and yet so tender, quaint with smiles, quivering with sentiment, pursing up the lips while it bedews the eyelids. We admire the bravery of Ireland, which may have been broken, but never has been bent,—which has often been unfortunate, but which never has been craven. We have much affection for the Irish character. We give unfeigned praise to that purity of feeling which surrounds Irish women in the humblest class, and, amidst the coarsest occupations, with an atmosphere of sanctity. We acknowledge with hearfelt satisfaction that kindred love in the Irish poor, that no distance can weaken, and that no time can chill. We feel satisfied with our humanity, when we see the lowly servant girl calling for her wages, or drawing on the savings' bank for funds, to take tears from the eyes of a widowed mother in Connaught, or fears from the soul of an aged father in Munster. We behold a radiance of grandeur around the head of the railroad laborer, as he bounds three thousand miles away at the sound of Repeal, at the name of O'Connell, and yet more as his hand shakes, as he takes a letter from the post-office, which, rude as it may be in superscription, is a messenger from the cot in which his childhood lay, is an angel from the fields, the hills, the streams, the mountains, and the moors wherein his boyhood sported. We remember with many memories of delight, too, the beauties of Ireland's scenery. We recollect the fields that are ever green; the hills that bloom to the summit; the streamlets that in sweetness seemed to sing her legends; the valleys where the fairies play; the voices among her glens, that sound from her winds as with the spirits of her bards; the shadows of her ruins at moonlight, that in pale and melancholy splendor appear like the ghost of her ancient heroes."

Mr. Giles is now lecturing in Montreal, Canada. Why not have him here in New York, through the agency of the Catholic Library Association?—ED. N. Y. TABLET.

HORRIBLE AND REVOLTING TRAGEDY.

No country pretending to civilization on the face of the globe—if we except England—can at all compare with the United States in the number, as well as the enormity, of the atrocities perpetrated, from day to day, within its confines. Last week we chronicled the details of a fiendish and most unnatural parricide which took place within seven miles of the city of Lowell; this week we are again called upon to record another outrage against nature, still more outrageous and diabolical, which occurred at a place called Thompson's Mills, near Hamilton Village, Madison County, in this State, the particulars of which we find in the columns of the Utica *Telegraph*. Comstock, the wretched perpetrator of the deed under consideration, is an American, both by birth and parentage. Of course the everlasting plea of insanity will be urged, if not in his defence, at least as palliative of the deed. Be that as it may, however, we venture to assert that the present deed, in point of savage and inhuman barbarity, is without a parallel in the history of domestic tragedies.

A tragedy unequalled in the annals of crime occurred at Thompson's Mills, about five miles southeast of Hamilton village, on Sunday night. Jared Comstock and Clarissa, his wife, were brutally murdered by their own son, William Comstock. The murderer was arrested by Officer Tucker, on a warrant issued by Justice Peck, about five o'clock, A. M., yesterday. The parricide is a man 37 years old, about 5 feet 7 inches in height. His clothing was besmeared with blood when found. He has always resided with his parents in this town and is unmarried. He has been drinking hard for some time.

He conversed calmly in relation to the awful deed, manifesting no concern for himself, speaking of the manner in which he deprived his parents of life, as if he had been butchering hogs. He says, for about four or five days, something seemed to tell him he must have a number of hearts; this was repeated to him many times during the day; he seemed to live in Sherburne and a wire came over the hill, connecting with the room, telling him he must have a number of hearts; some one who lived in Sherburne, seemed to telegraph for them. "Three or four days ago I attempted to kill my father to get his heart. Yesterday I went again, placed an axe in the room, intending if I could find my brother and his wife sitting down to kill them both at once. It seemed as if I must have both their hearts, but I did not find them so situated. About dark I went over to my father's and found him and my mother sitting; she was sewing. I immediately struck her with a skillet on the head, and broke it. I then struck my father over the head three or four times with the remains of the skillet, and attempted to get the axe. After knocking my father down, I got the axe and cut out their hearts, and put them in the stove and burned them. The voice seemed to tell me that the hearts must be burned. After the deed I washed my hands, and after remaining in the house a short time left and went down to A. Gusting's.

"When I arrived I found my brother and his wife there visiting. I told them I had some fresh meat up to father's. After remaining a short time I went down to the house of Harmon Gusting, and told them to get me a quart of cider and bottle, and after obtaining it left for my father's house without mentioning anything concerning the deed. On arriving I lay down upon the lounge, near my father and mother, and slept for some time, (until near morning.) On awaking I left the house, and met several persons coming towards it. I do not recollect who I had informed of the deed previous to this. As they approached me some said 'here is Bill.' This was about eight rods west of my father's. They asked me what I had been doing. I told them it was none of their business. Part of the company held me while a couple of them went to the house, and then they took me to Potter's, where I was arrested. During the night after the deed I attempted to end my own life, and thus close the tragedy. I afterwards went to my brother's house to kill him and his wife. I kicked the panels of the door in, but they had gone away."

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

One of the most startling and melancholy accidents which have occurred for some time in this neighborhood took place near Holywood, resulting in the death of Mr. Hugh Morrison, the well-known postmaster, publican, and proprietor of the Wellington Hall, in Montgomery street, Belfast. Mr. Morrison left his house about ten o'clock in the morning to go to the residence of Thomas Greg, Esq., J.P., Ballymenoch, where he intended to make some purchases. He was proceeding up the back avenue to Mr. Greg's house when the horse, a spirited animal, but perfectly docile, shied suddenly at the sight of a stump of an old tree, which lay at the side of the road. He bolted into a ploughed field, but had not proceeded far when the wheel getting into a deep furrow, the car upset, the horse falling on his back. Mr. Morrison had his legs wrapped up in a rug, and is supposed to have been thereby prevented from making the effort which he otherwise might have made to save himself. When the car, however, upset, he fell under it, and dislocated his neck, and it is stated that he sustained severe injury on the head by kicks from the horse as he lay upon the ground. The dislocation of the neck would, therefore, appear to be the sole cause of death, which ensued almost instantly. He was removed into a cottage on Mr. Greg's demesne. Intelligence of the disastrous event was immediately sent to Belfast.—*Belfast paper.*

Owing to the number of constabulary who have lately been sent out to disturbed districts in Tipperary, Donegal, and other places, and the large number who have left the force, it has been found necessary to take on as many young men as could be found qualified and willing to serve, and, for the purpose of increasing the number, the standard of height has been reduced to five feet seven inches. Several young men are joining from this county. One of these men happened to be of the extraordinary height of six feet three inches, and none of them are below five feet seven inches. Amongst the number was one who had served some time in the 4th Dragoon Guards, and wears medals and clasps in honor of his services, but having been discharged at the time the reduction was made in the army, he has now entered the constabulary.—*Belfast News-Letter.*

York street mill has obtained nearly its original complement of hands, and such of the weaving factories as require workers have no difficulty in finding them. Some muslin houses are giving out a few more pieces than of late to the needlewomen; but, with regard to this class generally, their prospects of early and regular employment are as gloomy as ever. The foundries and machine-shops have been sadly thinned of their well-paid workmen, who are either roaming listlessly about the streets or have crossed the Channel on what, it is to be feared, will prove a hopeless and unprofitable "tramp." *Banner of Ulster.*

Cork.

The *Reporter* states that a professional gentleman named Kelly arrived in that city last week, and inquired for one George Jennings, a porter in the bakery of Mr. Horan, North Main street, with a salary of 9s. a week. He had to announce to the porter that he was now considered the legal heir to the great Jennings' estates, for many years litigated in the English Court of Chancery. The property amounts to 13 millions sterling, and £50 000 a year!

The Mayor of Cork has issued a proclamation calling on the citizens to close their places of business on St. Stephen's Day. The majority, if not the entire, complied with the order. In compliance with the request of almost all the victuallers, the Grand Parade Market was also closed on that day.

Donegal.

I have just returned from the wild and bleak district of Donegal, where so much bad feeling exists at present between the landlords and the tenantry, and where the latter, in a season of general suffering, labor under heavy rents and taxation unparalleled. I visited the districts to satisfy myself of the truth or falsehood of the statements made regarding the condition of these poor Celtic peasants. But strong as were the statements made, I confess I was unprepared—utterly unprepared—for the evidences of extreme destitution and suffering which met my eyes. I have seen the worst horrors of the famine of 1847. I was witness to the historic sufferings of Skibbereen and Schull. But I did not believe that it was in human nature to endure so patiently such a condition of abject misery, oppression, and suffering as met my eyes, in those bleak wilds of Donegal. Some ten days were devoted by me to the investigation of that unhappy western district, where our old race is purest in blood, most devoted in faith, most chaste in morals, most deeply steeped in suffering. I have filled my note book which will, I trust, help to remove the veil from the eyes of thousands who have been grossly deluded as to the condition of Donegal.—*D. H. in the Ulsterman.*

Down.

A correspondent of the *Banner of Ulster* writes as follows: "The failure of the sewed muslin trade has been severely felt in Donaghadee. About forty years ago the embroidery of muslin was first introduced here by a Glasgow house, and ever since Donaghadee has been the "head quarters" of the trade in Ireland, the best sewers being always found here, and, of course, the finest and richest work done. The consequence has been the attraction to this locality of great numbers of females by the prospect of better wages than was paid elsewhere, which very circumstance has added considerably to the distress now prevailing. The temporary suspension of the trade has thrown numbers entirely idle, while those still employed are earning so little that it is with much difficulty they can procure the poorest necessaries of life. To alleviate, in some degree, the prevalent distress, a number of the influential persons in the town have formed themselves into a committee, and have raised a considerable sum by weekly subscriptions from the inhabitants, out of which they have already been able to afford a partial relief to nearly 100 families. This, of course, will do much for the necessitous, but they have been obliged, from want of sufficient funds, to refuse nearly as many applicants as they have retained."

The Roman Catholic Chapel of Barr, distant from this town about five miles, was burglariously entered, and everything valuable which could be secured was carried off. The particulars of the robbery have been communicated to the police, whose efforts to discover the depredators will, we trust, be attended with success.—*Newry Telegraph.*

Dublin.

Intelligence reached town of the death of Justice Jackson, whose health has been so precarious for a long time as to excite the alarm of his numerous friends. For several months past he has been afflicted with a painful disease, the nature of which it is unnecessary to mention. He, however, had rallied to such an extent lately as to raise a hope that he would soon be enabled to resume his judicial duties. We regret, however, to state that Mr. Justice Jackson is no more. It is needless to state, that in the earlier part of his career Joseph Devonshire Jackson was a politician well known for the strength and depth of his Tory principles. He sat in Parliament for many years as the representative of the borough of Bandon Bridge, and in the House of Commons was celebrated rather for the power of his lungs than for the liberality of his sentiments or the eloquence of his language; but on his elevation to the bench all his old prejudices and party feelings were merged, and he dispensed justice with an impartiality, and, in its more penal forms, with a clemency which won for him the approbation of all.—*Freeman.*

Two young paupers, named Martin and Crosbie, were brought before the magistrates at the Head Police, Dublin, charged with having attempted to set fire to the South Dublin Union. It appeared from the evidence of a boy named Matthew Kenna that he saw the prisoners putting a lighted rag under a quantity of cocoa fibre in one of the stores in the union, and he heard one of them declaring that he would set the whole place on fire. The cocoa fibre ignited in a few minutes, and no doubt considerable damage would have been caused but the fire was fortunately prevented by Wardmaster Brady, who at once collected a number of men, with whose assistance he succeeded in overcoming it. The case was sent for trial at the commission.—*Ibid.*

A carriage and pair was driven furiously out of a stable-yard in Brunswick street, when an old woman, named Eliza Hannon, was knocked down and severely injured by one of the wheels of the vehicle passing over her. Three gentlemen who happened to be passing at the time had a most narrow escape of being run over. The driver of the carriage continued his course at a rapid pace up D'Olier street, hastily pursued by a policeman on a hackney car, who succeeded in coming up with the carriage at the upper end of Sackville street. On the coachman being questioned, he admitted that he knew that the old woman had been run over, and stated that the carriage and horses were the property of Lord Dunsaney, and that he was in his employment. The old woman was conveyed to Mercer's Hospital, where she was examined by the resident physician, who stated that one of her legs was broken, and that she had sustained other injuries from the severe fall she had got.

Dr. Kirwan held an inquest at the Meath Hospital on the body of a boy named Patrick Farrell. It appeared that the deceased had been in the employment of Mr. Mooney, at Crumlin; his business was to mind cows; he used very frequently go to warm himself in the engine-room of a mill, which was used for raising water from a quarry on the lands of Mr. M. Connor. On the previous day, whilst there with another boy, he went too close to the machinery, and was struck by the shaft of the mill and severely injured. He was removed to the Meath Hospital, where he died. The jury found that the deceased's death was caused by laceration of the liver and several other internal injuries, which he had received by coming in contact with the shaft of a windmill at Crumlin.

The average size of farms under tillage in Ireland in 1856, including all classes of landholders, would appear to have been 9a. 2r. 34p.; but excluding the holders under five acres, and the land in their possession, the average size of farms would become 11a. 2r. 33p. The grass lands are omitted from both of these calculations. In 1856 there was a greater area under crops in Ireland than in any year since 1852. The increased cultivation extends over each of the provinces, with the exception of Leinster, in which there was a decrease last year in the acreage under tillage of 12,722 acres, the amount being, in 1852, 1,747,632 acres; in 1855, 1,707,803 acres; and in 1856, 1,696,081 acres.

The counties which show a tendency to improve in the degree of attention paid to the removal of weeds from farms, are Dublin, Louth, Kildare, Wexford, Carlow, Westmeath, Limerick, Cork, Roscommon, Tyrone, Leinster, Clare and Kerry. Of the provinces, generally, Munster only shows any progress in this respect, and the average result of the entire country, in 1856, exhibits the same proportion to the land as in 1855—50 per cent.—to be almost entirely neglected as regards the removal of weeds.

A man named Kinsella, recently found the body of a young man in a limekiln in the rere of the house, 69 Church street. He gave information to the police, who ascertained the name of the deceased to be John Connor. It appeared that the unfortunate man had no fixed abode, and it was supposed that he had gone to the limekiln for the purpose of passing the night there, and that he was suffocated by inhaling the gas emitted from the burning lime.

Mr. Stephens, a stockbroker, preferred a charge of robbery against a gentleman named Killby. The charge was dismissed by the Lord Mayor. The disgrace which Mr. Killby conceived to be attached to his name by his confinement in a police cell preyed upon his mind, and he has committed suicide.

A handsome silver cup was presented by the Royal Horticultural Society of Ireland, at their council meeting, to John W. Lane, Esq., to testify their sense of his valuable services rendered on all occasions to that society.

Galway.

The Lord Chancellor has made his report to the House of Lords, dated the 3rd of December, pursuant to the new act, declaring that John Prendergast, Viscount Gort, has made out his claim to be admitted to vote at the elections of the Lords Temporal to represent the Peerage of Ireland in the Parliament of the United Kingdom, in succession to the late Right Hon. Charles Viscount Gort.

Kerry.

The Killarney Young Men's Society, though but a few months in existence, has been making rapid strides. The body numbers at present three hundred and seventy members; and a better regulated set of men I never saw banded together, all owing to the indefatigable exertions of the Rev. P. O'Connor, Administrator; and Mr. O'Kane, our active secretary. On Sunday morning, about three hundred of our body formed in procession before their rooms, at eight o'clock, A.M., and, with the respective banner of each guild, marched to our noble Cathedral, where they received the Holy Communion. In the evening was witnessed a grand procession of the body through the Cathedral, singing the Litanies, with lighted tapers, and graced by the presence of our beloved Bishop, our Chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Horgan, and Rev. A. Griffin; from the latter of whom we received a most instructive discourse. The Rosary and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed the proceedings.—*Cor. of Tralee Chronicle.*

Kilkenny.

Mr. Alexander O'Gorman, son of the late N. P. O'Gorman, Esq., chairman of our county, was released from confinement in our city gaol (where he had been for several months) with the sanction of the authorities at Dublin Castle. Mr. O'Gorman, jun., was committed in default of finding securities to keep the peace towards his father, with whom he had quarrelled.—*Moderator.*

The reverend curates of Graig, Messrs. Bray and O'Neil, are busily engaged in distributing among the poor of this and the adjoining parish, the sum of £30 given for that purpose by their kind pastor, the Rev. Martin Doyle, P.P. Many an otherwise bleak and desolate hearth will be rendered cheerful and happy by this most seasonable relief.

Limerick.

The inauguration of the Fitzgibbon Testimonial is to take place on Saturday, the 26th. Immediately under the figure—which, as a work of art, is one of the most finished and perfect that has yet left the studio of our highly-gifted countryman, M'Dowell—will appear the following bronze inscription, within a handsomely-ornamented laurel wreath: "Erected to commemorate the bravery of Viscount Fitzgibbon (8th Soyal Irish Hussars) and his companions in arms, natives of the county and city of Limerick, who fell in 'the Crimean war.'" In the centre of the pedestal there is a bas relief, designed also by M'Dowell, representing the fatal charge of Balaklava, and in which Lord Fitzgibbon met his death. The pedestal is from the establishment of Mr. C. B. Johnson, of Mount Jerome, Harold's Cross, the committee having in vain endeavored to procure granite in this neighborhood, and its execution reflects much credit on the taste and skill of the contractor. The statue is to cost one thousand pounds.—*Chronicle.*

A deputation of the corporation of Limerick proceeded to the house of Dr. Kane, mayor of the city, for the purpose of presenting him with a silver cradle to commemorate the birth of a son and heir during his reign of office. The mayor elect presented the testimonial, which as a work of art reflects great credit on the establishment of Mr. Wallace. It exhibits the shamrock and other national emblems in tasteful arrangement. Alderman Fitzgerald read the address, congratulating his worship and Mrs. Kane on being blessed with a son, and concluded by invoking a benediction upon his future years. In an appropriate reply, Dr. Kane returned thanks for himself and Mrs. Kane, after which all parties adjourned to the dining-room, where a magnificent *dejeuner* was served up. After the festival, and the utterance of a few short speeches apropos to the occasion, the company separated, pleased with the interchange of respect, courtesy, and personal friendship.—*Munster News.*

Our old friend, Gallaher (says the *Limerick Reporter*), appeared last night at the Theatre Royal, before a most crowded and enthusiastic audience. Nothing could surpass the euthusiasm of his reception. He appeared as buoyant, as jovial and as merry as he was thirty years ago; and all recognized him as a visitor worthy of every support. The stage was crowded with a brilliant array of presents prepared by him for fortunate ticket holders. The drawing was perfectly fair and above board. There was no favoritism whatever. The prizes were called out and distributed amid the best good humor. Mr. Roghan, of the establishment of Messrs. Mortimer O'Brien & Co., of Charlotte's quay, won the splendid tea service of electro-plated ware.

A very poor woman recently found a watch near the railway station at Askeaton. She brought it to the Reverend Marcus Cleary, C.C., who announced that such an article had been found, which the owner could have on application. Lord Monteagle, to whom the watch belonged, and from whom it dropped near the station, presented the finder with the generous offering of £5.

There were 16,043 persons relieved by gratuitous medical advice and medicine within the last 12 months in this city; 18,345 in the city of Cork; 21,551 in the North Dublin Union; and 48,000 in the South Dublin Union, and in Waterford 3,945.—*Reporter.*

A man named Lyons, who had been bitten by a mad dog, at Bruree, near Croom, three months since, died of hydrophobia, in all its alarming forms, recently.

Longford.

A daring robbery was perpetrated on Sunday, the 13th Dec., at Gore Point, county Longford, the residence of Captain Walker, J.P., a short distance from Ballywillan railway station. About one o'clock on that day Captain Walker was sitting alone in his parlor—the whole of the household, with the exception of a servant girl, being at divine service—when he perceived a man with blackened face approach the window; alarmed at his appearance, the captain turned round with the intention of ringing the bell, when he was suddenly seized by a man who also had his face blackened, and must have previously been concealed in the apartment. The man presented a pistol to his head, at the same time swearing that if he made any attempt at alarm he would "blow his brains out." He then called upon his companion, who had entered through the the window, to carry away the box which lay upon the table, and which contained £360 in cash. This the other did not do, but forcing the box open, emptied the contents into a bag he had with him. They then decamped, but not until they inflicted upon the aged gentleman a severe blow of a blunderbuss, which rendered him insensible.—*Anglo Celt.*

Tipperary.

A new weekly paper, to be called the *Examiner*, is about to be started in Clonmel It will be liberal in its views.

Waterford.

During the course of last week a competitive examination for three junior clerkships vacant in the audit department of the Waterford and Limerick railway office, took place. There were no fewer than about fifteen candidates—all, of course, on the tip-toe of expectancy. Some were pupils of the Christian Brothers' schools, some from the Model School, and the Blue School, &c., also offered competition. The result was the appointment of a boy named Wright, who was educated at Dr. Price's school, and who had been previously in the office, and of two others, named Kelly and Kennedy, both pupils of the Mount Sion schools, up to the date of examination. This is highly creditable to the Mount Sion schools, and fully bears out our recent remarks relative to the educational advantages of that well-known religious establishment. The system of competitive examinations, throwing henceforward all such situations open to every class, is, indeed, very creditable to the Waterford and Limerick railway company.

An *emeute* broke out among the sailors on board a French vessel in this river, near the bridge. Soon after the French Consul, W. M. Ardagh, J.P., with a party of police, proceded on board, and in a few moments the disturbance was quelled.

Westmeath.

An accident, that might have been attended with serious consequences, occurred to Lord Castlemaine. He was returning in his gig to Moydrum Castle from Athlone, when the horse shyed at some object on the side of the road, and started, throwing him completely out of the gig. Captain Caulfield, who was in the gig, was thrown over the dash-board on the horse's back, and escaped uninjured; but Lord Castlemaine received one or two contusions on his head and side, from which he has not yet recovered; they are not, however, sufficient to create alarm. —*Independent.*

Wexford.

Mr. James Johnson, formerly editor of the *Wexford People*, has been ordained priest in Belgium, where he joined the order of Redemptorist Fathers.

ADVANCE OF REAL ESTATE IN IRELAND.

[*From the New York Evening Post.*]

The results already begin to testify to the wisdom of organizing the Irish Incumbered Estates Court, and to the soundness of our prediction when it was organized, that it was destined to promote the material and social improvement of Ireland. The court was organized to release the real estate from encumbrances which were gradually making Ireland lean. The mortgages were generally held abroad, and exceeded the value of the property. The interest due on them, therefore, left no margin for profit to the occupant, and nothing, therefore, out of which to replenish the soil and keep up its culture. To free the land from this drain and transfer it into the hands of those who could afford to hold and improve it, at its fair valuation, had become absolutely necessary to prevent the ruin of her agriculture and the starvation of her people.

We predicted, when the sales under the decrees of this court took place, that it would regenerate the agricultural interests of Ireland, first, by dividing up the estates, and thereby multiplying the number of proprietors; and secondly, by throwing the land into the possession mainly of residents, who would have a direct interest in improving it in the most advantageous way, instead of its being left, as before, in the hands of tenants and agents, to be skinned, or in the hands of impoverished owners who had not the means to improve it. The proofs of this already begin to appear. Recent sales indicate an advance in the value of real estate of from seventy-five to one hundred per cent., within eight years. The first estates that were offered for sale under the decrees of the Incumbered Estates Court brought from twelve to fifteen years' purchase. At the sale of the late Marquis of Thomond's property, the other day, the land brought from twenty to thirty years' purchase. The Clare estates, producing a net actual rental of nearly £4,000 a year, and valued at £5,000 a year, have sold for nearly £125,000, which is twenty-five years' purchase upon the valued, and thirty-one years' purchase upon the actual rental; and the Cork estates, producing a net rental of nearly £4,800, have sold for £111,000, which is about twenty-three years' purchase.

This advance may in part be attributed to the greater tranquillity of Ireland for the past few years than heretofore, but in turn, who can tell how far her increased tranquillity is due to the action of this Court and the prospect it afforded of relieving the soil of its exhausting and destructive indebtedness? People will bear heavy burthens a long time with a prospect before them of laying them down, which they would not bear half an hour without such a prospect.

But the significant fact attending these sales, to which we attach most importance, is the subdivision of large estates into small farms, as in the United States, and the multiplication of small farms. It was supposed, and correctly, that if the estates were sold in small tracts, the tenants might make an effort to become proprietors of the land on which their labor had been expended. The experiment was tried on the estate to which we have alluded, and with signal success. The Clare estates were divided into one hundred and eighty-three lots, and the Cork into seventy-seven, bringing, as we have already stated, respectively, thirty-one and twenty-three years' purchase. Here we have some two hundred and sixty farms, and almost as many independent farmers more than there were before in the country, coming into possession of farms worth, on an average, from $125 to $150 a year. In these subdivisions the estate was all within reach of the laboring class. Had it been sold in bulk, as such estates usually are sold in England, the purchaser would have required a capital of over half a million of dollars, and no part of the property would have come into the possession of those who would have to work it.

Should the lesson taught by these sales be properly improved, there will, in due time, be a middle class of independent working farmers in Ireland as in the United States. Now, and heretofore, her rural population has been divided, as in our southern states, into the very poor and the very rich; into the very large landed proprietors and the very small proprietors or non-proprietors. In 1856 there were about 120,000 holdings of land (it is absurd to call them farms) in Ireland of less than five acres, while the average size of landholdings on the whole island is but nine acres. The consequence is that the small holdings are too small, and the large ones too large to be cultivated to advantage. The small ones do not admit of sufficient division of labor, and the large ones have to be managed through agencies, which add largely to the expense of culture, while diminishing its productiveness. By relieving the land of its indebtedness, and transferring it to those who can afford to buy it at a proper valuation and work it with their own hands, it will naturally and inevitably find its way in such quantities into the possession of its new proprietors as will be most advantageous both for them and for the land.

TASK OF AN IRISH JOURNALIST.

Mr. Holland, the able editor of the *Belfast Ulsterman*, who was recently presented with a purse containing 100 sovs. by the Catholics of Belfast, in replying to the address, thus spoke of a weakness which unhappily is too often apparent in other places as well as Belfast:

"My friends, the Catholic journalist in Ireland has difficulties to struggle with which exist in no other land but ours; a hostile government system, a hard unnatural bigotry of sect, distrustful and abhorrent, *and a weak trembling slavishness of Catholic citizens themselves*, who, trained in the timid councils of bygone serfdom, have not yet learned to look God's sunlight nobly in the face with the souls of men who know that they are made in God's image, but crawlingly worship the mocking, lurid fog-phantom which they have learned to call *respectability*. No more hideous and sickly nightmare has an Irish Catholic journalist to struggle with than this slavishness and want of healthy manhood—this sacrifice to some insolence of sectaries of the dignity which they owe to their country, their creed, and their race—which characterizes so many of his Catholic fellow-countrymen, who, rising by their native strength and vigor to wealth and position, grow feebler as they mount higher (like the climbing pilgrim who sickens and faints in the rarified air of the 'mountain top), and at last degenerate from the strong, Godlike manhood of their youth to the silken slavishness of a 'respectable' old age. Such are the difficulties that fetter the energies of an Irish national journalist; and many a noble heart, and many an ardent soul, has succumbed beneath them, and finished its struggle in exile or in death. My friends, it is moments like the present, so hopeful, so consoling, which save the Irish publicist from despair, in this painful lifebattle, and strengthen him with the thought that he is, indeed, fighting for a something—telling him that the manhood and honesty of his country and his race still flourish in the land, and that the struggle he labors in is a nation's march on the path to final victory, though he, and many like him, may never reach the goal. With this thought and this hope, I thank you—Catholic workingmen of Belfast—for this night's demonstration of your confidence and your encouragement; and pledge myself to you that I will ever strive to merit your trustful esteem."

SOUPERISM REVIVED.

[*From the Dundalk Democrat.*]

A new campaign has been inaugurated by the Soupers of Dundalk, and this time it is money and not soup that will be offered to all who may be inclined

"To sell their God for bacon
And join the Souper crew."

We concluded that the late exposure of the Souper fraternity in the court-house, when the father of the unfortunate M'Conville, whose soul has been destroyed by wicked teaching, and rendered dark and frightful by evil counsel, sought compensation for the injury he alleged to have sustained from the conduct of Mr. Barton, would have silenced them forever.

But we were mistaken. The blow prostrated them for a time; but they are bent on trying another campaign. This time the Rev. Mr. Rainsfort is an unwilling agent in the filthy business. Although one of the "Priest Protection Society" luminaries, the Dundalk abominations were too foul to gratify his mind. But having been called upon and pressed hard on the point by three of the Dundalk Soupers, his resolution gave way, and having got him into their harness, the three worthies are bent on re-commencing the detestable proceedings, with which they disgusted men of every creed in the town during last spring.

We again warn these unfortunate disturbers of the peace not to persist in their follies. They are only making a mockery of religion; and we firmly believe that any one who follows their practice has not a particle of religion in his heart. The contrast between them and the practice of the Catholic Church—we beg pardon for descending to make such a contrast—is so striking that they should pause and examine it. The Catholic Church is gaining a large number of converts. How does she achieve these triumphs? Is it by bribing men with the filthy things of earth? Quite the contrary. She tells all who make submission to her authority, that under her commands, and obeying her divine doctrines, they must fast, instead of indulging in luxuries; that they must give up pride; become humble, and work out their salvation in fear and trembling. That, in fine, they must follow the Founder of the Catholic Church, and, together with denying themselves, be meek and humble of heart.

And notwithstanding these terms, hundreds of the most learned of the English Protestant Church are forsaking rich livings, and joining the Catholic Church, not for any worldly gain, but that they may gain everlasting life.

The Soupers take the very opposite course. "Come," they say to the poor, "come with us, and we will give you money; give up your faith, and adopt ours, and we will provide you with soup for your stomach and clothes for your back!" What an outrage on religion! What employment for men, pretending to possess common sense, to be engaged in! They have made unfortunate M'Conville an imp of darkness, and prevailed upon him to despise the counsel of his father, and to dishonor the grey hairs of his mother. Do they now desire to rob others of their children? We warn them not to incur such a fearful penalty. Let them take care of their own souls, and leave the children of the poor of Dundalk to be instructed and brought up by their parents and pastors, and not dare to tamper with the faith of the humblest orphan in the town. Should they persist in this unhallowed course, and impiously invade hallowed ground, we give them notice that we shall raise such a storm about their heads that all the directors of the Bank of Ireland, the entire grand jury of the county, together with the directors of the Dublin and Belfast Junction Railway, will be able to save them from its overwhelming effects.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

THURLES, 16TH DEC., 1857.—Our spirited townsmen are getting up a testimonial to the Rev. Thomas Slattery, on his promotion to the parish of Hospital. Rev. Mr. Slattery was for the last ten or eleven years officiating amongst us, and during that time, both as a clergyman, a gentleman, and a friend, won golden opinions from all men. He leaves us with regret, yet all parties feel consoled that his Grace has so early rewarded the merit and virtues of one so deserving of distinction.—*Tipperary Free Press.*

Mgr. Pellerin, Vicar-Apostolic of Southern Cochin-China, has arrived in Rome, and is staying at the French Seminary of St. Clare. This establishment has lately been greatly enlarged, and forms an admirable resting-place for the various prelates who claim its hospitality, and is indeed a real benefit to the priesthood, and consequently also to religion.

Mgr. Vitelleschi, in the presence of his Holiness, resigned the office of President of the Commission of the Hospitals, and that of Commander of the Holy Ghost into the hands of Mgr. Narducci, hitherto Commissioner of the Holy House (Santa Casa) of Loretto.

On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the Lord Bishop of Beverley held an ordination in the Church of the Oblate Fathers at Sickling Hall, on which occasion the following gentlemen were promoted to the Holy Orders: The Rev. — Guillard, O.M.J., the Rev. — Ayral, and the Rev. Thomas A. Loughran, of St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, received the holy order of priesthood; the Rev. — Mourier, O.M.J., that of Diaconate; and Arthur Grange Riddell, of St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, the sub-diaconate. The Rev. Fathers Guillard and Ayral, O.M.J., are shortly to depart for the foreign missions, where they will rejoin the fathers who have preceded them; and the Rev. T. A. Laughran will be stationed in the diocese of Beverley. —*Weekly Register.*

The Liverpool Catholic Young Men's Society consists of 1,873 members. The following lectures have been delivered during the month: one by the Rev. Father Christie, S. J., of Stoneyhurst College, on the "Austrian Concordat;" one by the Rev. James Sheridan, O. S. B., of Liverpool, subject: "The duty of Catholics at the present time;" and also one by Mr. Grant, of the Catholic Institute, on "Louis IV. of France;" besides a concert and several readings from Mr. Maguire's work on Rome, &c.

The Rev. Messrs. Kyne, Lescher, and Stone were to leave Calcutta, November 7th, for the seat of war, with the 88th regiment, which had just arrived. It will be remembered that this regiment and its colonel showed much kindness in the Crimea to the Rev. Mr. Butt and other chaplains, and erected a tablet to the Rev. D. Sheahan at Clapham, where he had formerly been missionary.—*Weekly Register.*

It is announced that a deputation from the Latin monks of Jerusalem will shortly arrive in Paris. They come to solicit the French government to obtain a firman from the Porte to permit them to repair, at their own expense, the cupola of the Holy Sepulchre. It is known that the Emperor has been always well disposed towards the Latin Church of Jerusalem.

The Little Sisters of the Poor, recommended by his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, have collected £17 5s. 11d. in the parish of East Aughnamullen, including the subscription of £1 from Rev. Charles M'Cluskey, P. P., and 5s. each from his curates, Rev. P. M'Mahon and Rev. James Carey.

The *Giornale di Roma* announces the death, in that city, of Mgr. Joachim-Joseph Pacheo-Souza, Bishop of Guarda, in Portugal. He was born at Alenquer, in the Patriarchate of Lisbon, on the 23d August, 1769, and proclaimed bishop in the consistory of the 2d July, 1832.

The Rev. Fathers Rondel, Rinkes, and Cue, Priests of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, at Mans, who left Bordeaux in the month of July, happily arrived at Calcutta the 4th of November.—*Univers.*

On the 10th ult., the Bishop of Southwark consecrated that part of the parish cemetery which the burial board allotted to the use of the Catholics. The rite according to the pontifical was strictly followed.

His Holiness the Pope has been pleased to appoint the Very Rev. Dr. Cornthwaite, Rector of the English college, to be one of his honorary chamberlains.

We have to perform the painful duty of announcing the sudden death of the Rev. Matthew Tierney, P. P., of Carragh and Downings, in the 66th year of his age.—*Carlow Post.*

Miss Coghlan, Tramore, acknowledges the receipt of £17 restitution, through Rev. W. Hayden, P.P., Windgap, in the diocese of Waterford.

Domestic.

AUGUSTA.—Our new Church, the corner stone of which was laid by our then Administrator on the 19th of last July, Festival of St. Vincent de Paul, has been advanced considerably. Its walls will be raised so as to receive the roof in a few weeks—when completed it will be the most spacious and beautiful in Georgia. Our good people, though few and poor, have already contributed most generously for their means. We have fallen on bad times, our money supplies are mostly exhausted, and we are under the most painful necessity of collecting abroad and of applying to those good people whom we have often relieved in similar circumstances—*Catholic Miscellany.*

ORDINATION.—On Saturday, Dec. 26, the Rev. Mr. Follot was ordained priest by the Most Rev. Archbishop of New Orleans. He has been subsequently appointed Pastor of St. Landry, parish of Opelousas.—*Prop. Catholique.*

Rev. Joseph Kundek, a Croatian, who came to this country in 1839, after remaining a year in New Orleans, where he built a church in Lafayette, and subsequently rendered great services to religion in the diocese of Vincennes, died in Jasper, Indiana, on the 4th of December, 1857, aged 47 years. Four Benedictine Fathers, from St. Meinrad's, performed the funeral obsequies, at which a large number of persons of all denominations assisted, with every mark of respect for the memory of the deceased. May he rest in peace!—*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.*

On the 28th December last there took place, at the Visitation Monastery, Brooklyn, the ceremony of the reception of the white veil, by Miss Margaret Hand, in religion Sister Mary Joseph; and of Miss Mary Sidell, in religion Sister Mary Terese. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Loughlin officiated, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Welsh and Turner.

The consecration of Right Rev. J. H. Luers, D.D., for the See of Fort Wayne, took place on Sunday, 10th Inst., in the Cathedral of Cincinnati. The Right Rev. Dr. Spalding, Bishop of Louisville, preached on the occasion.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

DESCRIPTION OF MILTON'S RESIDENCE.—I set out in the morning, in company with a friend, to visit a place where Milton spent some part of his life, and where, in all probability, he composed several of his earliest productions. It is a small village, situated on a pleasant hill, about three miles from Oxford, and called Forest Hill, because it formerly lay contiguous to a forest, which has since been cut down. The poet chose this place of retirement after his first marriage, and he describes the beauty of his retreat in that fine passage of his *L'Allegro:*

"Sometimes walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, or hillock green.
* * * * * * *
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milk-maid singing blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe;
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosomed high in tufted trees.
* * * * * * *
Hard by a cottage-chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks," etc.

It was neither the proper season of the year, nor the time of day, to hear all the rural sounds and see all the objects mentioned in this description; but, by a pleasing concurrence of circumstances, we were saluted, on our approach to the village, with the music of the mower and his scythe; we saw the ploughman intent upon his labor, and the milk-maid returning from her country employment. As we ascended the hill, the variety of beautiful objects, the agreeable stillness and natural simplicity of the whole scene, gave us the highest pleasure. We at length reached the spot whence Milton undoubtedly took most of his images. It is on the top of a hill, from which there is a most extensive prospect on all sides; the distant mountains that seemed to support the clouds; the villages and turrets, partly shaded by trees of the richest verdure, and partly raised above the groves that surrounded them; the dark plains and meadows, of a grayish color, where the sheep were feeding at large; in short, the view of the streams and rivers convinced us that there was not a single useless or idle word in the above-mentioned description, but that it was a most exact and lively representation of nature. Thus will this fine passage, which has always been admired for its elegance, receive an additional beauty from its exactness.—*Sir William Jones.*

INDIAN HORSEMANSHIP.—Younger sons of noblemen whose ancestors stood around the throne of Aurungzebe, sons of Zemindars, Potails, Omrahs, and so forth—some from Rajpootana, but mostly children of Mahomedan landholders—come in and offer themselves with horse, weapons and accoutrements, to the recruiting agents of the Irregular Cavalry. Nothing would tempt these proud youngsters—most of whom are first-rate horsemen, familiar with arms from childhood—to shoulder a musket in the line, or to serve in the regular cavalry. But in the irregular where they retain their eastern dress and saddle, and associate only with equals, they are so willing to engage that at a month's notice the existing force might be trebled. Every man is obliged before enlisting to prove himself perfect master of his weapons and his charger. He is required to manage a horse at full speed, with a saddle or without, to strike a spear into a tent-peg at full gallop, and to draw it from the ground, to hit a mark with a carbine and pistol, and cut through a roll of felt lying on the ground, as he dashes by at the full stride of his horse, and bends over his saddle to use his razor-like sword. The swords of the Irregulars are always of a keenness that contrasts wonderfully with the blunt reaping hooks of the English dragoons. Not that they are all, or even usually, of Korassan manufacture. Most of them are of English steel, and owe their sharpness to continual grinding and leathern scabbards. The skill to which some of the Irregulars attain, both with lance and sword, is extraordinary. Long ago, in the Madras Presidency, I witnessed a sort of mock tournament given by the privates of Skinner's Horse, in which such horsemanship was displayed as would have astounded Astley's performers, while some of the troopers carried away a tent-peg on their spears, twenty times running, at full speed.—*My Note Book.*

REMARKABLE WORKS OF HUMAN LABOR.—Nineveh was 15 miles long, 8 wide, and 40 miles round, with a wall 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was 60 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick and 300 feet high, with 100 brazen gates. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 429 feet to the support of the roof. It was a hundred years in building. The largest of the pyramids is 481 feet high, and 653 on the sides; its base covers 11 acres. The stones are about 30 feet in length, and the layers are 208. It employed 330,000 men in building. The labyrinth of Egypt contains 300 chambers, and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles round, and 100 gates. Carthage was 23 miles round. Athens was 25 miles round, and contained 359,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich in donations, that it was plundered of $500,000, and Nero carried away from it 200 statues. The walls of Rome were 13 miles round.

THE NEAPOLITAN NAVY.—The following particulars relating to the Neapolitan navy are not devoid of interest. The ships of war amount to 115, of which the Vesuvio and Monarca, ships of the line, carry each 84 guns; the frigates Partenope and Regina, of 60 guns; the frigates Isabella, Urania and Amalia, of 44 guns; the corvette Christiana, of 32 guns; the brigantines Principe, Carlo, Zeffero, Valoroso, Intrepido, Generoso; the cutter Sparviero; the gun-boat Etna; besides eleven steam frigates. There was a twelfth Neapolitan frigate called the Carlo Terzo, which blew up in the Bay of Naples at the commencement of the present year; four steam corvettes, Palmuro, Stromboli, Miseno, Ferdinando Secundo; four steam cutters, Messagiero, Sactta, Maria Teresa, Pelcro; four galliots, Delfino, Argonauta, Rondine, Antelope; sixty-nine gun-boats; and 14 boats attached to the hydraulic service in the harbors. These vessels are kept in good condition, and well armed. The King of Naples has adopted all the late improvements in artillery and machinery. We may judge of the progress of the Neapolitan navy by comparing it with what it was twenty years ago. In the year 1837 the Neapolitan navy was composed of 2 ships of the line, one 84 and the other of 74 guns, 5 frigates, 1 corvette, 4 brigs, 1 sloop, 2 galliots, 4 steamers, 33 gun-boats, and 10 of shore-boats. The Neapolitan ports allocated for the reception of ships of war are Castellamare, Naples, and Palermo, which, notwithstanding their nautical advantages, labor under the disadvantage of being exposed to the fire of a hostile fleet. The new port of Avernus, which the King of Naples is preparing for the reception of his navy, will be completely out of the reach of an enemy's fleet.

A STORY FROM MUNICH.—A Paris paper relates the following somewhat singular and very probable anecdote; "A few days ago a gentleman, walking through the Charles Strause at Munich, and having on his arm a large cloak, happened to stop opposite the office of the Mont de-Piete. He was immediately accosted by a female, one, it appears, of several, who watch near those establishments at Munich for the purpose of gaining a trifling sum by pledging articles for persons who feel ashamed of entering those places themselves. 'Ah! mein herr,' said the woman, 'you do not like to go in there yourself, and yet you perhaps wish to pledge your cloak?' 'Give it to me, I will get you a good sum on it.' 'You will render me a service,' replied the gentleman, after a moment's hesitation, 'take the cloak, and I will wait here until you return.' At the end of five minutes, the woman returned, and handed the gentleman ten florins, the sum lent on the cloak. 'Thank you, my good woman,' said the owner of the cloak, 'and now by way of commission put these ten florins in your pocket, and take these,' giving her eleven more, 'and redeem the cloak and pay the interest.' The woman was at a loss to understand all this, but she did as she was told, and on her return, as she was handing over the cloak to its owner, a company of soldiers passed by, who presented arms to the gentleman, whom the astonished woman then found was no other than King Louis. On his return to the palace, his Majesty sent for the tailor, and rated him soundly for charging eighty florins for a cloak on which he could only borrow ten florins."

FALLEN MAJESTY.—Eagles are subject to diseases of the flesh, bone, and blood, just like the veriest poultry that die of croup and consumption on the dung-hill before the byre-door. Sickness blinds the eye that God framed to pierce the sun, and weakens the wing that dallies with the tempest. Then the eagle feels how vain is the doctrine of the divine right of kings. He is hawked at by the mousing owl, whose instinct instructs him that these talons have lost their grasp, and these pinions their death-blow. The eagle lies for weeks famishing in his eyry, and, hunger-driven over the ledge, leaves it to ascend no more. He is dethroned, and wasted to mere bones—a bunch of feathers; his flight is now slower than that of the buzzard; he floats himself along now with difficulty from knoll to knoll, pursued by the shrieking magpies, buffeted by the corby, and lying on his back, like a recreant before the beak of the raven, who, a month ago, was terrified to hop round the carcase till the king of the air was satiated and gave his permission to croaking sooty to dig into the bowels he himself had scorned. Yet he is a noble aim to the fowler still; you break a wing and a leg, and fear to touch him with your hand; your dog feels the iron clutch of his talons constricted in the death-pang, and holding him up, you wonder that such an anatomy—for his weight is not more than three pounds—could drive his claws through that shaggy hide till blood sprang to the blow.—*Christopher North.*

BUNYAN A GIPSY.—Mr. James Simpson has sent to *Notes and Queries* an extract from his forthcoming "History of the Gipsies," in which he plausibly maintains that Bunyan's father was a gipsy. He quotes Bunyan's own statement: "For my descent, it was, as is well known to many, of a low and inconsiderate generation; my father's house being of that rank that is *meanest and most despised of* ALL *the families of the land;*" and asks, "Of whom does he speak here if not of the gipsies." He accounts for the family not living in a tent, as was generally the case, by saying: "The fact is that Bunyan's father had a *town* beat which would give him a settled residence, prevent him using a tent, and lead him to conform with the ways of the ordinary inhabitants; but doubtless he had his pass from the chief of the gipsies for the district. The same may be said of John Bunyan himself."

EFFECT OF DIET ON THE NERVES.—A man living solely on beef, as the Indians generally do, and full of freedom and fresh air, has blood very nearly approaching, in chemical character, to that of a lion, the furbin and red globules being more abundant in proportion to the *liquor sanguinis*, and the temper of his mind approximates to the indomitable savage. Without exercise of a violent kind this state of blood is apt to become intolerable, because it rouses the animal instincts to such an excessive degree, that reason becomes perplexed and confused by innumerable sensations, which she finds no means of subduing by demand on thought, since the nerves of volition and emotion are unduly excited to reflex action, and thus the balance of brain-power, by which the mind maintains dominion over the body, being disturbed, the animal is apt to prevail over the rational, and the man to behave like a brute.—*Moore's Use of the Body.*

INDIA.—If ever a country was dignified by its boundaries it is this. Nature's mightiest barricades hedge it in; northward, mountains never scaled; round the shores, an ocean never yet fathomed, and brooded over by the irresistible monsoons; and these mountains and ocean-barriers connected by rivers of a magnitude kindred to both. The Burrumpooter and the Indus are, indeed, gulfs brimming with rushing seas; and where they reach the ocean they threaten to melt down the continent into it. Their deltas are, indeed, fit only for amphibious creatures, with which man can establish no understanding; so that on entering India by them the sensation is like that of travelling back into a pre-Adamite age from the scenes of common life.—*Harriet Martineau.*

THE BONAPARTES.—A letter from Rome of the 16th ult. gives some account of the ordination of Prince Lucien Bonaparte to Priest's orders, as already announced: "The Pope himself officiated in his private apartments, and all the members of the Bonaparte family now in Rome were present at the ceremony. The young prince, who is remarkable for his piety, was greatly affected. After the ceremony the Pope entertained all the Bonaparte family at breakfast, Cardinal Antonelli, Secretary of State, being present. Next day Mgr. Bonaparte said his first Mass, the church he selected being that of Santa Maria, in the Via Lata, in which his mother, the Princess Zenaida, is interred. The church was crowded.

RUSSIA.—A letter from St. Petersbugh states that there is every reason to expect that the line of telegraph between that capital and the principal towns in the Crimea will be very shortly completed. The whole will have been constructed by Russian workmen, under the superintendence of Russian engineers. The same letter states that the town of Nishegorod had been very materially injured by a violent fire, which had burnt a number of houses. Fortunately all the merchandize which had been unsold during the late fair had been removed, or the loss would have been incalculable.

RESTIVE HORSES.—A friend of mine had a horse (which he used for farming purposes) so restive, that, fearing litigation in case of sale, he decided upon destroying it. A man, happening to come into the field on business, asked if any person had a string. On obtaining a piece, he put a stone the size of a pigeon's egg in the horse's ear, and tied it firmly in. The horse immediately set to work. One or two repetitions of the operation entirely cured him of restiveness, and he became a very useful animal. I have no doubt of the truth of the above.—*Correspondent of the Field.*

DEATH OF HERR KŒNIG.—We regret to hear of the death, at Paris, of this celebrated cornet-a-piston player. He has lately been one of the principal supporters of Jullien's concerts, and was the composer of many favorite pieces of music, including the famous "Posthorn Galop." He attended the rehearsals of Jullien's orchestra at the beginning of the present season, but was overtaken by illness, and by the advice of his physicians he gave up his engagement, and repaired to Belleville, the residence of his father-in-law, near Paris, for change of air, and it was there that his death took place.

A BIT OF NATURE IN LIVERPOOL.—It may seem almost incredible, but within a mile and a half of the Exchange, namely, at the foot of York-terrace, in Netherfield-road, is a field which has evidently never had spade or plough upon it, or been touched by the hand of man since the creation. The foot of the aborigine, the Roman, or the Dane, may have traversed its surface, and witnessed a very different prospect to what is now visible, but nothing else appears to have touched the surface through the lapse of all time.

Beau Brummel was once sitting at a table with one Bligh, who was known to be insane. The Beau, having lost a considerable stake, affected, in his farcical way, a very tragic air, and cried out, "Waiter, bring me a flat candlestick and a pistol." Upon which Bligh, who was sitting opposite to him, calmly produced two loaded pistols from his coat pocket, which he placed on the table, and said, "Mr. Brummel, if you are really desirous to put a period to your existence, I am extremely happy to offer you the means without troubling the waiter." The effect upon those present may be easily imagined at finding themselves in the company of a known madman who had loaded weapons about him.

The Legislature of Victoria voted £25,000 to pay wages to persons who cannot obtain employment from individuals; in October 1,100 men were thus employed by the State on public works, at a rather low pay.

The Empress Eugenie was born at Granada, in 1827. Her father, the Count de Montijo, was a Spaniard, but embraced the French cause when the first Napoleon entered Spain. Her mother was a Kirkpatrick, a family of great antiquity in Scotland. She was partly educated in the west of England, and resided in her youth alternately at Madrid, London, and Paris. At the latter place she first met Louis Napoleon, and a mutual attachment was the result. On the eve of his *coup d'etat* he revealed to her his plans, entreating her and her mother to leave Paris, fearing for their safety should he be unsuccessful. She consented, and her parting words were: "Remember, if you fail, my hand and fortune await you at Madrid." He did not fail, and soon after his success he announced to the Senate and Legislative body the choice he had made. The marriage ceremonies took place in 1853. The marriage seems to have been one of affection on both sides, and since she has occupied the French throne, the Empress has continued to gain the respect and love of the people of the empire.

When Pliny the younger was Governor of Bithynia, A.D. 98, he occasionally resided in Nicomedia, and it was there that he wrote the famous letter that gives us such an insight into the early habits of the Christians of Asia Minor. He wrote to Trajan to learn how he was to act towards the vast multitudes of every age, sex, and condition, who had embraced the doctrines preached by Christ, "For," says he, "they have infected not only the cities, but the minor towns and hamlets." "The Christians," continues he, "assemble on fixed days before sunrise; they sing hymns in praise of Christ as though he were a god; they bind themselves by an oath never to commit any sort of crime, and then they separate till they assemble again to partake of a mysterious repast."—*Sister Mary's Tales.*

Nena Sahib is, it seems, a descendant of Tippoo Sahib. He succeeded to an estate of four millions of money. The English seized upon the whole, drew it within the fangs of the receivers and masters of the law courts, litigated it away in the most scandalous manner, and, indeed, proved in his case, as in that of the higher classes of India generally, that they could look for little security or protection from the East India Company, and that its policy was and is to degrade that class, and to lean upon the masses. Forty lacs of rupees of this Nena Sahib fund the court ordered to be invested in Lord Dalhousie's inconvertible paper; and if sold now would realize half the purchase money.

We find the following extraordinary announcement in the *Leinster Express:* "Miss Buchanan, an officer's daughter, who had been residing for the last 35 years in England, as a governess, having lately become insane, was sent over to this country as chargeable on the Naas Union. She was born in the town of Blessington while her father's regiment was on the march through this country. With such an extreme and extraordinary case as this staring us in the face, the necessity of a change in the legislation with regard to the deportation of paupers from England is becoming self-evident."

The Maronites love the French and hate the English, who, for many years, have been endeavoring to Protestantize the Lebanon. When a stranger visits them the first question is, "Are you a Frenchman or an Englishman?" If you belong to the latter they turn away from you with disgust, but if they find that you are a Frenchman, they bestow every kind of hospitality on you. They remember that St. Louis fought for them against the Turks, and that three monarchs of the same name and nation extended their protection to the Christian Maronites inhabiting the Lebanon.

More attention has been bestowed during the last fortnight on the proceedings in courts of justice in France, England, and Ireland, than on any of the political events of the day. The records of crime are not supposed to be edifying or flattering pictures of society, but such pictures as are drawn by the trial at Evreux for the assassination of Guillot, by the case of Strevens *v.* Campion in Dublin, and by the unexampled attempt at murder tried on the English western circuit before Mr. Justice Willes, transcend all ordinary revelations.—*Dublin Tablet.*

The inauguration of the column erected at Frankfort in memory of the soldiers killed in the disturbances on the 18th of September, 1848, took place on the 15th of December, with considerable pomp. Count de Bismark and Count de Rechberg, the Prussian and Austrian plenipotentiaries at the Diet, and the members of the diplomatic body, were present at the ceremony.

During some excavations lately made at a place called the Arco Travertino, about two miles from Rome, the villa of Quintus Servilius Silanus, who was consul in 189, was discovered, and close by were found, at the same time, the remains of a Christian church, with an entrance into the catacombs.

After a stormy existence of some dozen years, the "Dublin Protestant Association" has "given up the ghost" noiselessly, and without even an audible groan to indicate its demise—thus—"Nothing in *its* life became *it* like the leaving it."—*Liverpool Journal.*

A very valuable and extensive deposit of hematite iron ore has been found on Col. Cathbart's estate, near Muirkirk, in Ayershire.

Louis Napoleon has lately bought of Mr. T. Percival, of Wansford, a brown gelding by Theon. The price was £400.

The *Sentinel*, an Orange organ, has just given up the ghost. Mr. Thresham Gregg loses heavily.

HOME MISCELLANY.

Patriotism.—Patriotism, or love of country, is a sentiment which pervades almost every human breast, and induces each individual to prefer the land of his birth, not because it is better than another country, but merely because it is his country. This sentiment may be illustrated by a variety of anecdotes. Many of the Swiss, on account of the poverty of their country, are induced to seek military service in foreign lands, yet, in their voluntary exile, so strong is their affection for their native hills, that whole regiments are said to be on the point of desertion, in consequence of the vivid recollections excited by one of their national songs. A French writer informs us that a native of one of the Asiatic isles, amid the splendors of Paris, beholding a banana-tree in the Garden of Plants, bathed it with tears, and seemed for a moment to be transported to his own land. The Ethiopian imagines that God made his sands and deserts, while angels only were employed in forming the world. The Maltese, insulated on a rock, distinguished their island by the appellation of "The Flower of the World." The Javanese have such an affection for the place of their nativity, that no advantages can induce them, particularly the agricultural tribes, to quit the tombs of their fathers. The Norwegians, proud of their barren summits, inscribe upon their rix-dollars, "Spirit, loyalty, valor, and whatever is honorable, let the world learn among the rocks of Norway. The Esquimaux are no less attached to their frigid zone, esteeming the luxuries of blubber-oil for food and an ice cabin for a habitation, above all the refinements of other countries.

A White Negro.—Once and only once, during my life, I have had an opportunity of examining minutely an entirely white negro. In the year 1812 there lived in the town of Stabrok, the capital of Demerara, a man of this complexion. He was a robust young fellow—by no means what they call an Albino, as his eyes were just the same color as those of his tribe. He went by the name of Bockra Jem, or White Jemmy, and was a tailor by trade. I found his skin in all respects the same as my own, saving where the sun had given mine the appearance of mahogany, his was blotched with broad freckles of a lighter tint. In other respects, he was in reality a negro from head to foot. He stood apparently about five feet nine inches in height, with a finely expanded chest, and a back as straight as an arrow. But he was deficient in the calves of his legs, while you could not help remarking the protrusion of his heels, so noted in the negro. Both his father and his mother were healthy, jet black negroes. He appeared to be about twenty years old, and was, probably, the "only white negro ever seen in Demerara."—*Waterton's Essays.*

Walking Indicative of Character.—A short and quick step indicates a brisk and active, but rather contracted mind, whereas those who take long steps generally have long heads. Those who stuff or draw their heels, drag and drawl in everything; while those who walk a springing, bounding step, abound in the mental snap and spring. Those whose walk is mincing, affected, and artificial, rarely, if ever, accomplish much; whereas those who walk carelessly, that is, naturally, are just what they appear to be, and put on nothing for outside show. Those who in walking, roll from side to side, lack directness of character, and side every way according to circumstances. In short, every individual has his own peculiar mode of moving, which exactly accords with his mental character; so that, so far as you can see such modes, you can decipher such outline of character.

A Romantic Streak of Fortune.—The Palmer *Journal* says that one Joseph Miller of Ludlow has fallen heir to $50,000 by the decease of a distant relative in New Orleans. The grandfather of the testator, George Miller of West Springfield, was taken prisoner by the Indians in 1765, and subsequently became chief of a tribe in Western New York. He afterward visited Boston with a party of his warriors, for the purpose of showing them the strength of the country, but refused to recognize his brothers and sisters, who met him at West Springfield and Ludlow, and attempted to induce him to remain with them. Mr. Miller of Ludlow is a grandson of one of these brothers, and the grandson of the Indian chief has thus recognized him as the inheritor of the old family homestead.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

Forgery by a Dog.—A large dog had been accustomed to get bits of money from master to go to a meat stall to get his lunch of fresh meat. One day, when change was short, his master gave Growler a piece of white paper on which was an order for the meat. The dog, after much urging, carried it to the meat stall and received his food, and so for several days, when, thinking one piece of paper as good as another, he would pick up pieces of white paper and carry them to the stall without applying to his master. It was not long before a long bill came from the meat dealer, who had such confidence in the dog that he did not think to look at the paper, and the dog himself was very fat. No arrest was made and the dog occupies as respectable a position in society as ever.—*Bangor Union.*

Pork and Pussy.—A pig and a kitten, the property of Mr. John Grover, of Salem, Massachusetts, have formed an attachment so strong as to eat and sleep together—the cat frequenting the sty of the pig and making herself at home to the great delight of the latter.

The "Bowling-Green."—The "Bowling-Green," though a small park, is full of interesting memories. The iron railing surrounding it was made in England before the American Revolution. The iron posts are without their globular summits. These balls were broken off for the use of our patriot artillery at the very commencement of the first war with England. The statue of George III., once standing in the centre of this Green, was broken up by the Revolutionists in 1776, and taken to Litchfield, Conn., where its leaden treasures were converted into musket bullets by the delicate fingers of the daughters of Gov. Walcot, of that village, for the use of the soldiers of liberty. The pedestal of the statue may still be seen in front of a private residence in Jersey City.

Wait.—Of course it is very hard to wait. No matter whether you have to wait in certainty or in doubt; whether in the fulfilment of a promise, or the arrival of a "ship-load of money," waiting is tedious, and one feels that patience is a virtue. Young Hopeful cannot wait for dinner, and spoils his appetite and digestion with apples, and bread and butter. Older grown, he cannot wait for his majority, and borrows. Tell people to wait, and they answer that life is all waiting, that they have waited long enough, and waiting makes fools. Yet waiting is the school of moral strength; the grandest achievements have to be waited for. Small minds are always fizzing and leaking, so when the time comes, they are found either stale or empty.

News from Salt Lake.—If the following be correct it will be seen that Brigham Young means to defend his territory against the encroachments of Uncle Sam. Addressing his people, he says: "As the Lord lives we will waste our enemies by millions, if they send them here to destroy us, and not a man of us be hurt. That is the method I intend to pursue. If they come here I will tell you what will be done. As soon as they start to come into our settlements let sleep depart from their eyes and slumber from their eyelids until they sleep in death, for they have been warned and forewarned that we will not tamely submit to being destroyed. *Man shall be secreted here and there and shall waste away our enemies, in the name of Israel's God.*"

A Miser in Agony.—The house of one Brooking, at Gardiner, Me., was recently burned, and in the cellar, after the fire, were found $8,000 in gold and silver, fused by the heat. The old man had been in the habit of hiding his money in stone heaps and walls on the farm where he lives, and a long stocking full of silver coin was found in a stone heap, by his brother, a short time ago. At the time of the fire, he had $600 in bills, and the silver and gold found in the cellar, stowed away under the chamber floor, next the fastening. It was a sight to behold to see the old miser frantically calling upon the by-standers to shoot him.

President Buchanan.—Since the days of President Washington, no purer or more conscientious personage, we verily think, has filled the exalted position of chief magistrate of the Republic than James Buchanan. He feels that he is acting for a nation—for a people of varied opinions, spread over a world of states, and he sacrifices his own individual views and opinions to those of a majority—a majority who will not permit selfish considerations, or even national aggrandizement to override honest influences, or chase away their convictions of right; although we of the south may regard them as wrong.—*Exchange paper.*

Poor Witnesses.—A bill will be introduced during the present session of the Legislature having for its object a modification of the law relating to poor witnesses. As the law now provides, a witness unable to give bail for his appearance at the trial must be imprisoned; and it frequently happens (the trial being postponed from one term to another) that he has to lie in jail for months, while the culprit giving bail, remains at large. The bill will provide that in such a case the evidence of the witness, taken before a judge, with all possible safeguards, shall have the same force on the trial as if the witness was on the stand.

A Faithful Friend.—While the inhuman butchery of Mr. and Mrs. Comstock by their son William was going on a family dog was in the room, and the prisoner affirms that during his bloody work this animal several times attacked him; that he tried to kill the animal and get his heart, but was foiled in his efforts. After he lay down, the faithful dog sat all night watching by his lifeless mistress. During the whole examination of the bodies on the inquest, this faithful animal remained under the bed, and could not be removed from the room.

The Oregon Election.—By the California mail we have later returns of the election in Oregon on the State Constitution. Official returns from nine counties, and unofficial from one other, show the following result: For the Constitution, 4,597; against it, 1,884; for slavery, 1,322; against it, 5,161; for free negroes, 650; against them, 5,479. Reported majorities in other counties give for the Constitution 1,113 majority; against slavery, 1,196. This gives 3,826 majority for Constitution and 6,019 against slavery.

A Cent's-worth of it!—Miss Hester A. Burgess sued N. F. Wood, in Kanawaha County, Virginia, recently, for damages for breach of promise. It was proved in evidence that the young lady was a flirt, and the jury awarded her one cent damages.

A Continental Relic.—Mr. Hugh Menish presents us with an old Continental note, of the value of one shilling and sixpence, dated the fourteenth year of the reign of his Majesty, George the Third, (1774.) It was printed at Burlington, in this State, by Isaac Collins, and is on the common thick brown and coarse newspaper of that date. Upon the back is a leaf of tobacco and the words "To counterfeit is death." It has the British stamp affixed in red ink. The whole has been printed on a ramage press, apparently, and is executed in a very coarse and primitive manner.—*Paterson Guardian.*

A Bigot.—The Boston *Transcript* pronounces the following, from the pen of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the finest simile ever written, viz.: "The mind of a bigot is like the pupil of the eye; the more light you pour upon it, the more it contracts." The simile, though hardly the finest that has ever been written, is yet very fine; but we doubt whether, after all, it will be appreciated by bigoted men.

For Sale.—One-half interest in the *Georgian.* The paper has now a subscription and advertising patronage larger than it has ever before enjoyed, and its circulation is as varied and extensive as any journal in the State. To a thoroughly competent business man a half-interest would be sold on the most accommodating terms.

Rents are tumbling down—rapidly, in many places. In Chicago, it is said, a number of the landlords, in view of the falling off in business of their tenants, and the financial pressure bearing upon the trading and producing classes, have voluntarily reduced their rents, some of them one-third. It is out of the question to expect that tenants can pay the prices charged last spring, without great sacrifice. It is pressing the life's blood out of business men to force them to continue the enormous rentals exacted last May, when tenants supposed that money would be plenty, and times prosperous. Nor is it morally right or just to employ legal coercion to squeeze out of them these exorbitant demands. Let this reform go on in every city and village, and especially in New York, where thousands are comparatively in a state of starvation.

Three years ago, a well-off farmer of Springport, New York, had a little altercation with his wife, and, while conversing with her, took up a pale to go after some water. His long absence awakened the fears of his wife, who suspected at once that he had made an end of his life by throwing himself into the well. The well was accordingly searched, but the husband was not found. The friendly neighbors industriously sought for, but found no traces of him. Recently, while his family were at tea, the missing husband walked into the room with the pail of water in his hand, put it into its usual place, and sat down to the table as if nothing had happened. He had been gone just three years after his pail of water, had visited California and Australia, and had "turned up" again with a nice little fortune in his pocket.

The best coats in Broadway are on the backs of penniless fops, broken-down merchants, clerks on pitiful salaries, and men that don't pay up. The heaviest gold chains dangle from the fobs of gamblers and gentlemen of very limited means; costly ornaments on ladies indicate to eyes that are well open the fact of a silly lover or a husband cramped for funds. And when a pretty woman goes by in a suit of plain and neat apparel, it is the presumption that she has fair expectations and a husband who can show a balance in his favor. For women are like books—too much gilding makes men suspicious that the binding is the most important part.

At the recent term of the Circuit Court of Tazewell, Tenn., a fellow was arraigned for stealing a raw hide. He alleged that he had purchased it from a negro. The attorney for the Commonwealth admitted his statement, and he was acquitted, but immediately indicted for trading with a negro. Thereupon the accused introduced two witnesses to prove that he had stolen the hide, when he was of course discharged; and having already been tried for stealing, he could not be tried a second time for the same offence, and was thus turned loose unpunished. A contemporary pronounces this "the perfection of human wisdom!"

The government is building a custom-house at New Orleans which will be the largest structure of the kind under roof in the world. It has been building since 1849, and is estimated to cost $3,225,000. The whole of this immense building and cost is likely to prove a loss on account of the insufficiency of the foundation, the walls having already settled eighteen inches—the top of the building being six inches out of level. It is expected that it will settle until it finds the solid earth, which in Louisiana is about thirty feet below the surface.

The latest census of Oregon exhibits a remarkable disparity of the sexes. While the males number 26,000, there are only 16,000 females. This excess of males is one of peculiar phenomena of our new territories, and is to be found, more or less, in all of them. It arises from the great number of single young men who emigrate in search of better fortune in the new settlements, where land is cheap, work abundant, and the means of living easy of access. Kansas, it is said, is the most unfortunate of all our new territories in this respect.

There is said to be a woman in one of the lunatic asylums near New York, who thinks that the Roman Catholics are trying to build a cathedral in her stomach.

Not many miles from the city of Boston, there is a young clergyman, who, after attending to the spiritual welfare of his congregation on Sunday, is to be found on Monday, and at intervals during the week, laboring at the w sh tub in a laundry, doing the same work which is expected of any of the women employed in the establishment. The industry of the young man is doubtless laudable, but it seems to us that he might obtain a more appropriate avocation.

Persons out of employment should look out for seductive schemes offering labor, with seductive temptations. Advertisements for numbers of hands, who will receive good wages upon enclosing a dollar to the advertiser, are numerous, but will become more so. Of course these are the shifts to make money out of the necessitous and unemployed. It is enough to know that no man would sell a secret worth a hundred for one dollar. This ought to be enough to open their eyes.

A German in Albany lately came into possession of $24,000, the bequest of his wife, who ran away to California some years ago, made money, and made atonement by leaving her money to her injured husband. Meanwhile, the German married a second wife, and has several children, who will have the benefit of the fortune so oddly come by.

A most dismal sound comes now from the City Hall bell. Its big manly voice is turned to childish treble, and sounds querulous and snarly, like a nervous and cross old woman. Constant hammering in one spot has broken the bell, and a broken bell, like a fallen belle, is past all medication.

A man named Beaty left Burlington, Vt., a few weeks since for a long hunt, and the return of his dog having alarmed the family, a search was made, and the faithful animal led the party to a hole in the ice near the mouth of the Winsooski River, where the dead body was found.

Imprisonment for debt is still in vogue in Canada. In the prison of Hamilton there is a woman in the debtor's ward who has been imprisoned upwards of seven years, a term which exceeds the average of severe criminal sentences, and there is still no prospect of her release.

The death of Abigail H. Whittier, the mother of John Greenleaf Whittier, the Quaker poet, is announced. This venerable Quaker lady had lived with her daughter and son many years previous to her death, at the age of 78, in their little cottage in Amesbury, Mass.

A person writing from the capital of South Carolina says "the legislature is in session, and a more noble looking set of men I never saw, but I should think some of the members take a little whiskey now and then." Very likely.

In clearing out a drain in South Dartmouth, lately, Mr. Hillery Sanford found imbedded, at a depth of two feet, a hen's egg, which proved as fresh and good as a new laid one. The drain had not been cleared out for more than twenty-five years.

Two fashionable young ladies, the daughters of wealthy parents, met in the Post-office at Syracuse, last week, when one struck the other a powerful blow in the face. The assailed went off whimpering. It was about the love of a young man.

Mr. Frank R. Ely, a wealthy merchant of Marianna, Florida, well known to many mercantile men in this city, committed suicide at his residence on the 4th inst., having swallowed six ounces of laudanum.

In St. Paul, Min., the mercury has descended to 20 degrees below 0, while with us it has scarcely been sufficiently cold to be uncomfortable in the open air.

In the Court of Common Pleas, Cincinnati, on the 8th inst., there were on the docket no fewer than one hundred and fifty-seven applications for divorce.

"Always be prepared for death." This was the admonition of a Missouri elder, as he placed in his son's belt two bowie-knives and a pair of revolvers.

A careful estimate of all the Indian tribes indicates that they now number about 500,000 in all North America.

It is said that light from the Highland Light-house, Cape Cod, can be seen at sea a distance of thirty miles on a clear night.

Balance in the U. S. Treasury on the 28th ult., $5,651,677 03. The balance at the close of the month of November was $7,328,451 06.

One of the prisoners at Sing Sing died a few days since while undergoing a shower-bath punishment.

A lad of 19 years was lately married in the town of Grand View, Missouri, to a maiden of the ripe age of 78.

The value of buildings constructed in Chicago, during the present year, is $4,000,000; a slight increase on the previous year.

Good or bad habits, formed in youth, generally go with us through life.

The militia force of this State under the present system amounts to 16,434.

Avoid yourself what you think would be wrong in your neighbor.

A modern writer calls Greenwood Cemetery "one hundred and sixty acres of human vanity."

As you use your father so your children will use you.

He is the best scholar who has learning to live well.

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NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JAN. 23, 1858.

A BUNCH OF POPULAR FALLACIES EXPOSED.

If lies be not endowed with immortality, they have a remarkable faculty of escaping death in the United States. We cannot point to one defunct falsehood slaughtered beyond recovery, in an experience of several years; and in spite of all the efforts made by the Catholic press, we fear American sources of intelligence are as determined now as they were a decade of years ago, to refuse sacrificing one of their cherished fallacies on the altar of Truth. There must be great dishonesty abroad when arguments so conclusive on the one side, meet persistence so steadfast on the other. But we are not disheartened. The steady falling drops wear away the stone; and the conversions occurring hourly behind the hardened face of the "brazen public" should excite us to at least as much fervor and assiduity in attacking popular errors, as are evinced by our opponents in their defence of them.

Prominent in the arsenal of falsehood are these four propositions, which lie at the bottom of American prejudice, and do more to prevent the diffusion of sound opinions than any dogmatic heresies.

I. Religious and secular education is more wide-spread in Protestant than in Catholic nations. Proof: Prussia and England as compared with France and Austria.

II. Chastity is more general in Protestant than in Catholic populations. Proof: compare England and Naples.

III. Pauperism is greater in Protestant than in Catholic countries. Proof: compare the United States and Ireland.

IV. Drunkenness is more prevalent in Catholic than in Protestant nations. Proof: Compare Ireland with England, or the United States.

The reader will see that we have given the utmost latitude to the prejudiced, and he will judge from the following whether or not we have conceded too much.

RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR EDUCATION.—Joseph Kay, Travelling Bachelor of the University of Cambridge—an Englishman and a Protestant—furnishes us the following facts relative to the comparative secular and religious intelligence in England, France, Prussia, and Austria. In 1841 when the last Census was taken there was—

1 Primary school in France for every 558 inhabitants.
1 Teacher for every . . . 446 "
1 Normal college for every . 357,554 "

In the same year there was in Prussia—

1 Primary school for every . 653 inhabitants.
1 Teacher for every . . . 662 "
1 Normal college for every . 377,300 "

France expends annually for the promotion of popular education two millions pounds sterling, or nearly ten millions of dollars. England expends only one hundred and twenty thousand pounds! While France has 59,838 elementary schools conducted under the auspices of the government, England and Wales, with about half her population, has only 4,000! Not only is England immeasurably behind France and Austria in the matter of popular education, but also far behind all the German populations, whether Protestant or Catholic! To come up even to the lowest standard of popular education in Continental Europe, England and Wales should have 23,531 schools, 26,500 teachers, and 41 normal schools, she has only 12 to 92 in France, and not much more than *one-sixth* of her fair quota of primary schools! Even the schools she supports are very far inferior, *in every respect*, to those on the European Continent, as our candid English Travelling Bachelor not only admits, but clearly *proves*. While the German States occupy an intermediate position, *France ranks first, and England last!* After all we have heard and read of the educational establishments in Prussia, Scotland, and other Protestant countries, this fact, "abundantly attested by figures," says Bishop Spaulding, "proves somewhat startling." In reference to *religious* education we need only repeat what has been often asserted in the House of Lords that "*England has four millions of Home Heathens*" in a population of sixteen and a half millions!

CHASTITY IN ENGLAND AND NAPLES.—The formal report made to the House of Commons regarding the poor in English workhouses says, that in four years there were received 94,000 children described as "legitimate," and 66,000 *admitted* to be "bastards." Take the measure given here, apply it with proper reservations to the whole country, and draw a conclusion when we add, that in 1854, the population of the city of Naples was 425,000; the births of that year numbered 15,000; and of these *one hundred and thirty were illegitimates!* Comment is unnecessary.

PAUPERISM IN IRELAND AND THE UNITED STATES.—Mr. Archibald Russell, member of the New York Historical Society, furnishes us the necessary data on this point. According to his essay read a few evenings ago:

In Ireland, in 1856, with about double the population of the State of New York, there were 304,000 persons relieved, while here, 346,518 were so relieved, or about double the number. Sad as this sight is, it is far from being a true statement of the facts of pauperism. There are in this city alone hundreds of institutions whose beneficiaries are not included in the foregoing statements.

In 1831 there was 1 pauper to every 123 persons; in 1841 there was 1 to every 39 persons; in 1855 there was 1 to every 24 persons; and this year there is 1 to every 17 persons. Let the same ratio continue for 5 years longer, and there will be 1 pauper to every 5 persons; that is, every 5 persons in the State must support 1 pauper. If the foregoing statements were not established by official statistics they might appear incredible, but they fall short of the actual indigence relieved in this city and State. Beside the 204,161 paupers reported by the County Superintendents there were 142,357 needy persons relieved, forwarded, and provided with employment by the Commissioners of Emigration, thus showing that during the last year there was 1 pauper to every 11 persons.

In general thrift the State of New York may be taken as an average of the whole country, and we see above with what result.

DRUNKENNESS IN IRELAND, ENGLAND, AND THE UNITED STATES.—Dr. Wynne, another member of the Historical Society of this city, is our authority for the following facts and inferences:

In England, where Mr. Nelson had tabulated the facts collected by him with considerable care, he has shown that of the whole population in England and Wales 53,583, males and 11,223 females, or 64,806, were drunkards. The statistics of deaths show that one out of 145 of the whole population die from diseases connected with intemperance. In the United States, deductions based upon similar calculations, as derived from the mortality returns of the census of 1850, show that there existed in that year 84,066 drunkards, and that the mortality from causes connected with intemperance was one in each 131 of the inhabitants above the age of 20 years!

Population and climate considered, England is in advance of this country in intemperance, but *while England uses twenty-two million gallons of* SPIRITS *alone, yearly*,—Ireland only absorbs *something less than eight millions* or about one-third. Is England three times as populous as Ireland?

We know the objections which may be entered against these statistics, *but every objection also tends to show the invalidity of the arguments and propositions which called them forth.*

THE "BOSTON PILOT'S" FALSEHOODS CONCERNING MR. McGEE, M.P.

MONTREAL, Jan. 8th, 1858.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

MY DEAR KILLIAN:—I find in the last *Boston Pilot* (the first I have seen for several months) a statement copied from the Orange *Gazette* of this city, that I have been elected "by illegal votes" and will be unseated. As nearly all who voted for me were Catholic citizens of Irish or French origin, I leave the Catholic public of the United States to judge the culpability of such a calumny, coming from a *quasi*-Catholic source like the *Pilot*, and intended for the aid and comfort of *our* Know-Nothings—the Orangemen.

Let me assure both the Orange informants of the Boston assailant of the Catholic citizens of Montreal and myself, that their malignity and their inventions are equally futile, and that the first Catholic City in North America will continue to have two Catholic representatives, one of French origin, the other of Irish birth.

This last proof of the *Pilot's* meanness and mendacity does not surprise me. The man never had any principle other than Iago's "put money in thy purse." If any friend of the Catholic cause, or of the Irish character, continues to support such an arrant traitor to both, it passes my comprehension how he can justify himself in so doing.

I am very busy at present, as you may imagine, but I can still find an hour, if it be absolutely necessary, to refresh the Irish-American public mind on the manifold treacheries and treasons of the *Boston Pilot*. Let no honest man touch the polluted thing.

Believe me, my dear Killian,
Yours very truly,
THOMAS DARCY MCGEE.

THE LEVELLERS IN NEW GRANADA AND THEIR SYMPATHIZERS IN NEW YORK.

THE *Daily Times* is the most offensively bigoted paper in New York. The *Express*, in its worst moods, confines the expression of its prejudices to its editors, from a want of room or writers; while the *Times* attracts and parades every itinerant fanatic or foul-mouthed libeller who essays to mislead the American mind by means of the secular press, on questions having a religious bearing. Here is the last tissue of falsehood, misrepresentation, and ignorance, which has appeared in its columns:

Many readers of the *Times* may not have forgotten some remarks in one of my letters a month or two since upon a Church income of New Granada, derived from what is called the "Censo de la Iglesia." The Church has acquired a good deal of property in the shape of liens on houses and lands, most of them from donations, more or less voluntary, of weak-headed old ladies on their death-beds, or in requital for absolutions from heinous sins. Latterly, these liens began to weigh so heavily upon the present possessors of the properties, that a law was passed allowing them to redeem them on the payment of one-third or one-half the principal, according to the rate of interest stipulated, the nation becoming responsible to the Church for the balance. The Government being a very slow paymaster, the Church grumbled a good deal at first, but the prompt expulsion from the Republic of two or three of the most audacious of the priesthood had a most excellent effect, and the Church finally acceded to this and other wholesome laws in respect to its future governance. But the Government is now in the hands of a party mainly indebted to the priests for its success, and they are hoping to regain some of their lost ground. The other day the Bishop of Panama issued the following edict against all those who are wicked enough to consider the civil as paramount to ecclesiastical law:

"PANAMA, Wednesday, Dec. 23, 1857.

"MY ESTEEMED SIR AND FRIEND:—I have received a verbal order from the Most Illustrious Bishop of this diocese, that from the 1st of January, proximo, those persons of this city who have transferred to the National Treasury the properties of the censo for the support of the Church and its ministers, shall be erased from the list of Catholics; that, until they have repaired the damage they have caused to the Church, they shall be separated from its pale—and that they shall be deprived of spiritual auxiliaries, and excnerated from the contributions of worship, comprehending also their families and the persons who may live beneath their roofs.

"In giving this notice to you I am animated solely by the desire that you should avoid the terrible penalty, and I pray that you will shun it at whatever cost and sacrifice. God guard you!

"FERMIN JOVANE.

"To Senor Don J * * * * * de D * * * *"

The "Most Illustrious" Eduardo Vasquez, Bishop of Panama, in dictating the foregoing, must have forgotten that he was dealing with a people who almost begin to doubt the truth of the tradition that their forefathers were accustomed to tremble at the anathemas from the Vatican, as if they had been bolts hurled from the hand of the great Jehovah. He must have been dreaming of the successors of Leo the Tenth, the Adrians and the Clements of old Rome—of the *auto de fe*, the racks and the Inquisition of the Councils of old Spain—instead of the invitation of Jesus Christ to all those "who are weary and heavy laden." The Bishop will find that his Church, as well as all the churches of Spanish America, have got to depend upon the voluntary support of the people, as in the United States, and that they must be brought to be not only theoretically but really subservient to secular law, and the sooner they recognize this fact the longer lease they will have from the encroachments of Protestantism, which in many parts of South America has already, with the spread of education, begun to sap the foundations of a system which has always prospered most where the people have been kept in the greatest ignorance. The people of Panama are very indignant at this interference with the sacred rights of family, and if there is no law to prevent and to punish it, it is more than likely the next Congress of Bogota, or the Legislature of the State, will find it necessary to frame one for the purpose. The Church will be lucky if it does not lose the balance of the property it wrongfully holds, in consequence of this despotic action of the Bishop of Panama.

Under the rank verbiage of this extract three facts are apparent, *viz:*

I. That the Church as a Corporate Body in New Granada had acquired a title to certain property by devises—a title not questioned by the Government, which acknowledged its legality by stipulating to pay a portion of the funds accruing from it.

II. That the Government failed to fulfil its obligations, and allowed the will of the devisors to be thwarted, adding to the manifest injustice, the greater tyranny of expatriating those who insisted that private property, legally devoted to religious uses, might not be applied to any other object.

III. And that, in consequence, throughout the transaction, the Church was the wronged, and the State the wronger.

These three facts, *conceded by inference in the above text*, lead irresistably to these two conclusions:

I. That the writer is a liar of small capacity, who gives the proofs of his own condemnation; and

II. That the *Times*, in publishing his communication, either shared in his intellectual opacity, or overlooked it for the sake of the prejudiced manner in which it was shown. We leave the editors of that journal to choose on which charge they will be arraigned, merely premising that every argument used in their columns on behalf of the Trinity Church Corporation, applies to the vested rights of the Church in Granada, and that, in giving their space to an assailant of the latter they have given circulation to ideas which every Church member amongst their readers *must* reprobate, and which no journal in the country assailed with greater vehemence than the *Times* itself.

We scorn to reply to the absurd imputations on the intelligence of the Catholic property holders of New Granada. Their alms were given to the Church for the double purpose of benefitting their own souls, and aiding the corporeal works of mercy, which are naturally expected from, and performed by, the Church. To question their sincerity is irrational. They might have transferred all their property to their friends, and purchased a remembrance always considered dear, without subjecting friendship, as they have done, to the strong test of jealousy. To throw doubt on the merit of their benevolence is as unwise as it is foolish to call in question their honesty of intention. The spirit of American law is very properly against primogeniture, which accumulates property in the hands of one person; and our fear of a monopoly of land or riches by a caste of generated aristocrats without titles—the desire to see great fortunes distributed by death, and made useful to the public rather than to a particular heir, so general in the United States, should secure the Devisors of New Granada from criticisms on their charity.

A few words more and we have done. Is this disposition to bequeath money or property for religious or benevolent purposes not as prevalent among a class of Protestants in the United States as among Catholics in Granada? Are not money and lands devised almost daily to the Trinity Church Corporation, a body which is already rich enough to buy the whole of Granada, and several Central American States beside? And if the *Times* and other journals commend the ge-

nerosity which furnishes the life-blood of all our benevolent institutions, and keeps the mildew out of Protestant Churches, on what principle can they consistently assail the generous Catholics of the Isthmus?

"THE SPANISH INQUISITION."

A LECTURE on the above subject was delivered on Wednesday evening, 13th inst., in Newark, N. J., by the Rev. J. Callan, and the large hall attached to St. Patrick's Cathedral was densely crowded. We noticed the Rt. Rev. Bishop Bayley, the Very Rev. P. Moran, V.G., the Rev. B. McQuaid of Newark, and the Rev. J. Coyle of Jersey City, on the platform. The lecture was certainly a masterly one, remarkable for true reasoning, historical proofs, earnestness, and, at the same time, was rendered exceedingly spicy by strokes of wit.

In opening his subject the lecturer showed that the Inquisition was not instituted to exterminate Protestantism from Spain, as is generally believed, but to guard against the inroads of the relapsed Jews and the Moors. Its first edict was published in 1481, two years before the birth of Luther, and thirty-six years before the apostacy of that heresiarch from the Catholic Church. At this time the Spanish Government was involved in the greatest difficulties: the 600 years war with the Moors was yet unsettled—the disaffected grandees of Spain itself—the incensed Jews—the Turkish and Mahometan powers threatening in the distance—all contributed to arouse the fears and demand the strictest precaution of the Spanish Government. Ferdinand and Isabella chose the Inquisition as a means of self-defiance. The terms "infidel" and "heretic" were equivalent to "fomenters of anarchy and of revolution," and hence as the infidels, not for opinion's sake, but on account of their disaffection to the government, were censured by this secular tribunal—the Inquisition—so also were heretics, the Albigences, &c., for the same reason. Even Macaulay in his History of England acknowledges that the heresies immediately preceding the Inquisition were of a nature to alarm any prince in whose dominions they existed. Hence, it was not the Church nor the Pope who instituted the Inquisition; and if he gave his sanction to that institution he was far from favoring its excesses, as even the rabid Llorente is forced to admit. (*Tome iv., page* 347.) He commanded that all persons condemned by the Inquisition should have the liberty of appeal to Rome; and it is an undisputed fact *that of all who appealed to the Holy See not one single person was put to death.* When Protestants blame the Spanish Inquisition which was directed, not against the Jews in general, but only against the relapsed portion of them, they are silent, said the lecturer, regarding the great Saint of the Reformation who proscribed not only the relapsed portion, but the Jews of all classes. According to Luther's friend, Seckendorf, the Reformer declares regarding the Jews: "Their synagogues ought to be pulled down, their *houses* destroyed, their prayer-books, the Talmud, and even the books of the Old Testament, be taken from them; their Rabbis ought to be forbidden to teach, and be compelled to gain a livelihood by hard labor." On the principle of self-preservation, Philip II. directed the Inquisition against the Protestants of his time, who were doing their utmost to overturn his government, and in doing so he was less intolerant than England and other Protestant countries of the present day. In Spain intolerance was directed against treason towards the government, but intolerance of mere private or religious affairs, which have no reference to State affairs whatever, has been solely resorted to by Protestant powers against Dissentients, and by Protestant sects against each other.

The lecture will be repeated by Father Callan, in St. Peter's Church, Jersey City, on Sunday evening, January 24th, inst., at half-past six o'clock. As the proceeds will be given to the poor of that city, none of our readers in the neighborhood should fail to hear it.

THE DISTINGUISHED DEAD OF '57—IRISH BY BIRTH OR PARENTAGE.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

BRIGADIER GENERAL NICHOLSON.—General John Nicholson, of the 27th Bengal Native Infantry, though scarcely 35 years of age, was an officer of no ordinary experience and promise. At the time of his death he was in command of the Punjaub division. He was the eldest son of the late Dr. Alexander Nicholson, who owned a small landed property in the county of Down, and who died a few years since, having practised with considerable success as physician in Virgemont, county Dublin. His mother was a sister of Sir James Weir Hogg, Bart., late chairman of the East India Company, and formerly M. P. for Beverley and Honiton.

John Nicholson was born at Virgemont, Dec. 11th, 1822, and having received his early education at the grammar school of Dungannon, county Tyrone, obtained from his uncle a direct appointment to India early in 1839, where he arrived in the July of that year; and however glad we are to see the East India Civil Service thrown open to public competition, we must do Sir James Hogg the justice to say that his nepotism in this instance was fully justified by its results. Nor in this instance only, for of the two brothers of the deceased general one was killed in the forcing of the Khyber Pass, fighting at the head of his men, and another, who was lately serving with the army before Delhi, is spoken of as a highly meritorious officer. At the period of the murder of Sir William M'Nighten and the defeat of the British troops at Jugdulluck, Nicholson was in the fortress of Ghuznee, under Colonel Palmer, and shared with him the dangers of the siege.

There is no need to recapitulate the details of that event; it is enough to say that the British force found themselves shut up in the citadel, and, having suffered the extreme of hunger, were forced to capitulate. How Nicholson was forced to give up his sword with bitter tears is now a matter of history, as is also his imprisonment with his comrades in Cabul, and his subsequent restoration to liberty on the arrival of Sir Robert Sale and Sir G. Pollock. We next find General Nicholson serving in the Sutlej campaigns of 1845-46. At the time of the outbreak he rendered important services to Sir Henry Hardinge, by watching and reporting the movements of the Sikhs; he was also present at, and took part in, the bloody battle-fields of Moodkee and Ferozeshah, and received a medal for his conduct in action.

In the second Punjaub campaign we find the name of General Nicholson almost inseparable from that of Major Herbert Edwardes, the hero of Mooltan. It would be foreign to our intentions here to recount all the events which led to that war, which was so decisively settled at Sadeolapore, Chilianwallah, and Goojerat; it is sufficient for our purpose to inform our readers that while the siege of Mooltan was still proceeding Nicholson was sent to seize the fortress of Attock, which he succeeded in taking. As soon as his services could be spared he accompanied Lord Gough in pursuit of the Sikhs, and was able to render Sir John Thackwell material assistance in transporting his forces across the Chenab, just previous to the battle of Rhomnuggur. He had the satisfaction of seeing his name mentioned in the despatch of that gallant and distinguished officer in the following terms: "To Captain Nicholson, assistant to the Resident at Lahore, I beg to offer my best thanks for his endeavors to procure intelligence of the enemy's movements; for his successful efforts to procure supplies for the troops; and for his able assistance on all occasions." He was distinguished at the battle of Chilianwallah, also on the field of Goojerat, where Lord Gough finally routed and crushed the Sikh forces.

For his services in the Punjaub campaign Captain Nicholson was promoted by special brevet to the rank of major in the army, and received the additional honors of a medal and clasp. He had been engaged in civil employment in the Punjaub for some few years before the outbreak of the recent rebellion, having had under his charge the Dera Ishmael Khan district, since January, 1852. O his activity in his civil capacity in the Punjaub, and of his gallantry and intrepidity in defeating the patriot forces sent out to intercept the siege train on its way to Delhi, the English press has spoken. General Nicholson was amongst those who were wounded in the storming of Delhi, and died of his wounds.

CONSUL DILLON.—M. P. Dillon, for several years French Consul at San Francisco, expired at Paris, on the 15th of October. Mr. Dillon was a grandson of Theobald, one of the Generals of the first French Republic, who was massacred by his own soldiers, in April, 1792, a victim of their insubordination and lack of discipline. His granduncle, brother of the former, Count Arthur Dillon, perished on the scaffold in 1793, also the victim of government distrust, but in reality sacrificed to its implacable passions. The Dillon family originated in Ireland; they located in France at the epoch when one of its members attached himself to the fortunes of James IV., and became a Colonel in the army of the Grand Monarch, with Lord Fitz-James, Lord Macdonald, &c. The fidelity of these Irish Nobles to the cause of the Stewarts proved to France a nursery of brilliant and heroic captains. The first of the Dillons who served under the French banners, and who commanded a Franco-Irish regiment, is the same who fought under Villars in 1708; under Bornick in 1709, and who took Kaiserslautern in 1713. France may be truly said to owe a debt of gratitude to that family, of which all the members have returned its hospitality with their blood. Two of them perished by a violent death, and he who has just disappeared succumbed to the fatigues sustained in consecrating himself to the defence of the interests and in maintaining the security of his countrymen in San Francisco and Domingo.

SIR HENRY BARNARD, K.C.B.—Sir Henry Barnard entered the army in 1814 as ensign, and served for many years in the Grenadier Guards. In 1815 he beame attached to the staff of his uncle, the late Sir Andrew Barnard, while he held the command of the British forces in Paris; and in 1819-20 we find him acting as Aide-de-Camp to Sir John (afterwards Lord) Keane, during his command in the East Indies. From 1847 to 1852 he was employed as Assistant-Adjutant-General in the Northern district, and commanded the South Wales district from 1852 to 1854. In the latter year he was sent out to the Crimea as Major-General commanding one of the brigades. He subsequently became Chief of the Staff in the Crimea under General Simpson, and held that post up to the date of the appointment of General Windham. He also commanded a brigade a short time before the close of the late war. In 1856 he was made a Knight Commander of the Bath, and was appointed to the command successively of the troops at Corfu and a division at Shorncliffe and Dover; he was finally placed as Major-General on the staff of the Bengal army in November last, when he proceeded to India. He succeeded to the command of the troops before Delhi, in June last, on the sudden death of General Anson, whom he followed to the grave after an interval of scarcely four weeks' duration. General Barnard married, in 1828, a daughter of the late Brigadier James C. Craufurd. The lineage of the veteran is as follows, as communicated to the *Freeman's Journal*, of Dublin, by a correspondent: "The General was of Irish descent; his lineage was as follows: John Jennings, of Ballyshannon, county of Donegal, married Sarah Hamill, who was a relation of the Earl of Antrim. One of their daughters, Margaret, was married to the Rev. Dr. Robertson, prebendary of St. John's, Dublin. They had a daughter, Sarah, who became the wife of the Rev. H. Barnard, D.D., of Fahan, county Donegal. Their eldest son, Sir Andrew Francis Barnard, was born at Fahan, in 1773. He greatly distinguished himself during the Peninsular war, and so favorable was the Duke of Wellington's opinion of him, he was appointed military commandant of Paris during the occupation of the allied army. Sir Henry Barnard, K.C.B., the subject of this memorial, was great-grandson of Dr. Barnard, Lord Bishop of Derry, referred to in Goldsmith's 'Retaliation.' The late General and Sarah Jennings, the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough, were descended from the same ancestor."

INTERESTING CEREMONY.—Miss Frances Hughes, born in Toronto, C. W., of English parents, was baptized at the Church of our "Lady of the Cataract," Niagara Falls, by the Rev. Mr. Stephens, on the first Sunday of the year. The Ceremony took place after Vespers, and was rendered still more impressive by the Te Deum of the Choir.

Miss Hughes professed the Episcopalian form of belief until the time of her Conversion, and is universally respected by her acquaintances.

ORPHANS' FAIR.—The Ladies of the different Catholic congregations of Albany held a Fair during the Christmas Holidays which realized the nett amount of $4,160, a sum which, considering the "hardness of the times," and the number of the Catholic population, is very large.

IN PRESS, AND WILL BE READY IN A FEW WEEKS—"ROME, ITS RULER AND ITS INSTITUTIONS," by John Francis Maguire. This book should be in the hands of every Catholic in the land, as it is the only complete refutation of the many slanders sent forth from day to day by the Protestant Press of this country and England.

It has had an extensive sale in Europe. Amongst its admirers are Cardinal Wiseman, Dr. McHale, Dr. Cullen, and the Pope himself, whose letter to Mr. Maguire was published in last week's TABLET. Booksellers and others will please send in their orders immediately.

D. & J. SADLIER & Co., Publishers,
164 William street, N. Y.

*** This will be printed from the second London Edition, revised and enlarged by the author.

OBITUARY.

Died, at the residence of her husband, Dr. John Byrne, in Brooklyn, on the 8th inst., SUSAN FONDA BYRNE (Spencer) in the 29th year of her age. The deceased was born in Utica, N. Y., and was received, together with her father's family, into the Catholic Church, by the Rev. Lawrence Kilroy, at Detroit, Mich., in September, '44.

Mrs. Byrne added to a cultivated mind the most winning manners, and the most unassuming piety. A favorite in a gifted circle, she enlivened it by her genial nature, and edified it by a deportment at once agreeable and sedate. Many who have shared of her hospitality, or enjoyed the pleasure of her acquaintance, will join the writer in a warm prayer for the repose of her soul. *May she rest in peace. Amen.*

In New Haven, 12th inst., Dr. JOHN KENNEY Downes, Registrar of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, aged 26 years 5 months and 12 days.

The late Dr. Downes, the third son of the late Michael Downes, was born in Stratford, Connecticut, on the 1st of August, 1831. He graduated at the Medical Institution of Yale College, January, 1854, and in 1855, was one of the delegates of the New Haven Medical Association to the United States Medical Convention, at Philadelphia; at the Town Election of 1856, was elected Registrar of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, to which office he was re-elected in 1857, and filled at the time of his death. He was a young man of much promise, very devoted to his profession, and numerous friends mourn his early death.

His remains were taken to St. Mary's Church on the morning of the 15th, when a Requiem Mass was offered up for the repose of his soul. The Rev. Mr. O'Brien, Celebrant; Rev. Mr. Hart, Deacon; and Rev. Mr. Smith, Sub-Deacon. After the solemn Mass the Rev. Mr. O'Brien made a few eloquent remarks regarding that consoling doctrine of the Church—praying for the dead, proving that it was not only in consonance with Scripture but with reason; after which the Reverend Pastor touchingly alluded to the deceased—to his charitable conversation at all times—to the honorable profession and standing that he had assumed in the city where he was brought up, as was evinced by the presence in the Church of a large number of Professors and Gentlemen of the Medical Association, and of citizens of every belief. He spoke of his preparations for death, and stated that he died glorifying God that he was permitted to die in the Faith of his fathers.

After the ceremonies were concluded in the Church, the funeral procession proceeded to the Old Catholic Cemetery—when, according to his request, he was buried in the same grave with his parents, amidst a large concourse of his friends. *May his soul rest in peace.*

We had not received the *America's* mails at the time of going to press.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

GERALD GRIFFIN'S POEMS. J. & D. Sadlier & Co., Publishers, 164 William st., New York.

In the midst of the long cavalcade of modern Irish bards, always excepting the inimitable Moore who stands alone, far beyond the limits of rivalry, there is not a more agreeable songster than the gentle Gerald Griffin. Davis, Mangan, De Jean, "The Belfastman," and the *Nation's* poets generally, appear before us riotous with nationalism, and we love their sentiments rather than themselves; but Griffin asks to be heard on the sole plea of his own sweet nature, as expressed in these Poems.

There will always be great difficulty in the way of a critic who would attempt to assign Griffin his proper place in the Temple of Irish Song. Nationality, since the time of MacLaig, has been at once the soul and the test of bardic merit, and when the sentiment of the beautiful is sought to be put in its place, we introduce a virtue little thought of, less respected, and one which few Irishmen will allow to be classed in the first rank of poetical qualifications. If Moore had not written the Melodies we question if he would hold the niche allowed to him, with the free consent of patriotic critics; and it is no wonder that these gentlemen have allowed the poet of the Shannon to remain so long without any definite pedestal. His tuneful sorrow is not associated or inspired like the Banshee's with departed glory or the representatives of a defeated cause, and merely suffices to gain an audience, without extorting a verdict. So Gentle Gerald, to this day, wanders about within the portals of our temple of fame—*in*, and not of it—meekly waiting for the givers of immortality to crown him and assign his seat when they will.

If nationalism is to be the standard of our modern poets, we confess Griffin cannot compete with Thomas Davis, or Mangan, or McGee, or a dozen others whom we might name. He is no Senachie. He has drawn his inspiration from Irish landscapes, more than from the Irish heart or Irish History. He sings of abstract feelings without linking them to sentiments having a local or historical origin. "My Mary of the Curling Hair," "Gilli-ma Chree," "Falta Volla," "Cead Millia Falta! Elim," and some other ballads are Irish to the core in thought and expression; but with the exception of the first, they have no hold this side of the Invasion, and are rather the outgrowth of the novel of that name, than of the author's mental constitution. If nationalism is to be the test, or one of the tests of Griffin's poetic merit, he must give way before the Jacobin songsters and their later echoes. Even his affection for the Shannon cannot save him.

His characteristics may be told in three phrases, musical numbers, a tender sadness appealing irresistibly to the feelings, and an elevated piety. We claim a second, or, at least, a third place for him as a poet, under Moore, on the strength of these. McCarthy's verses have velvet feet and the gait of Therpsicore. So have Griffin's. McCarthy's have strength combined with grace. Griffin's lose the former while retaining the latter. McCarthy's excite Fancy and gratify it. Griffin's creep into the heart and refuse, with their sweet voices, to be excluded. Time, the great judge, can only decide between both, and we content ourselves with indicating their peculiaritics.

McCarthy out of the lists, no one can doubt Griffin's title to be considered superior to all other competitors among his countrymen. Their strength degenerates into roughness, and they play on one key while Griffin's strikes many. Borne on a political excitement, and taking their inspiration from it, they sing in a voice unfitted for the closet, and are only appreciated by a circle. Griffin, always composed, and receiving no fictitious aid from circumstances, addresses feelings common to all men and may be read with pleasure by persons of different origins. When we add that every poem of his conveys a moral while elevating the reader into an atmosphere in which nationality is lost in humanity, we have indicated nearly all the different traits which divide him from his brother bards. The reader of taste can detect the rest for himself.

THE FINE ARTS.—A sea captain, trading between New York and Tunis, on the Mediterranean, formed one of an exploring party to visit the ancient site of Carthage, where, in making explorations, a bas-relief bust of Queen Dido was found beautifully executed in red jasper, of about the diameter of a dime or ten-cent piece.

THE HUNTER—A LEGEND.

BY J. G. WHITTIER, AN AMERICAN POET.

The Hunter went forth with his dog and his gun,
In the earliest glow of the golden sun;
The trees of the forest bend over his way,
In the changeful colors of autumn gay;
For a frost had fallen the night before
In the quiet greenness which nature wore—

A bitter frost!—for the night was chill,
And starry and dark, and the wind was still;
And so, when they looked out on the hills,
On the stricken woods and the frosted rills,
The unvaried green of the landscape fled,
And a wild, rich robe was given instead.

We know not whither the hunter went,
Or how the last of his days were spent,
For the morn drew nigh, and he came not back,
Weary and faint, from his forest track;
And his wife sat down to her frugal board
Beside the empty seat of her lord.

And the day passed on, and the sun came down
To the hills of the West like an angel's crown;
The shadows lightened from wood and hill,
The mist crept up from the meadow rill,
Till the broad sun sank, and the red light rolled
All over the West like a wave of gold.

Yet he came not back—though the stars gave forth
Their wizard light to the silent earth;
And his wife looked out from the lattice dim,
In the earnest manner of fear for him;
And his fair-haired child on the door-stone stood
To welcome his father back from the wood!

He came not back—but they found him soon
In the burning light of the morrow's noon,
In the fixed and visionless sleep of death,
Where the red leaves fell at the soft wind's breath;
And the dog, whose step in the chase was fleet,
Crouched silent and sad at the hunter's feet.

He slept in death!—but his sleep was one
Which his neighbors shudder'd to look upon;
For his brow was black, and his open eye
Was red with the sign of agony!
And they thought, as they gazed on his features grim,
That an evil deed had been done on him.

They buried him where his father laid,
By the mossy mounds in the graveyard shade;
Yet whispers of doubt passed over the dead,
And beldames muttered while prayers were said;
And the hand of the sexton shook as he pressed
The damp earth down on the hunter's breast.

The seasons passed, and the autumn rain
And the colored forest returned again;
'Twas the very eve that the hunter died,
The winds wailed over the bare hill-side,
And the wreathing limbs of the forest shook
Their red leaves over the swollen brook.

There came a sound on the night-air then,
Like a spirit-shriek to the hearts of men,
And louder and shriller it rose again,
Like the fearful cry of the mad with pain;
And trembled alike the timid and brave,
For they knew that it came from the hunter's grave.

And every year, when autumn flings
Its beautiful robe on created things,
When Piscataqua's tide is turbid with rain,
And Cocheco's woods are yellow again,
That cry is heard from the graveyard earth,
Like the howl of a demon struggling forth.

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.

BY J. C. MANGAN.

[The following song, which I have translated from the Irish of O'Doran, refers to a singular atmospherical phenomenon said to be observed sometimes at Blackrock, near Dundalk, at daybreak, by the fishermen of that locality. Many similar narratives are to be met with in the poetry of almost all countries; but O'Doran has endeavored to give the legend a political coloring, of which, I apprehend, readers in general will hardly deem it susceptible.]

"*Maidin chiuin dham chois bruach na tragha.*"

I.

'Twas a balmy summer morning,
Warm and early, such as only June bestows;
Everywhere the earth adorning
Dews lay pearly in the lily-bell and rose.
Up from from each green leafy bosk and hollow
Rose the blackbird's pleasant lay.
And the soft cuckoo was sure to follow.
'Twas the Dawning of the Day!

II.

Through the perfumed air the golden
Bees flew around me; bright fish dazzled from the sea,
Till me dreamt some fairy olden—
World spell bound me in a trance of witcheric.
Steeds pranced round anon with stateliest housings,
Bearing riders prankt in rich array,
Like flushed revellers after wine-carousings.
'Twas the Dawning of the Day!

III.

Then a strain of song was chanted,
And the lightly-floating sea-nymphs drew anear;
Then again the shore seemed haunted
By hosts brightly clad, and wielding shield and spear!
Then came battle-shouts—an onward rushing—
Swords, and chariots, and a phantom-fray.
Then all vanish'd; the warm skies were blushing
In the Dawning of the Day!

IV.

Cities girt with glorious gardens,
Whose immortal habitants in robes of light
Stood, methought, as angel-wardens
Nigh each portal, now arose to dazzle my sight.
Eden spread around, revived and blooming;
When·····lo! as I gazed, all passed away—
·····I saw but black rocks and billows looming
In the dim chill Dawn of the Day!

EIRIN AROON.

I.

Though fair are the vales 'round Columbia's shore,
And grand are the wild woods that garland them o'er;
Where young Freedom reigns and in smiles points a home
To the "wind-beaten stranger" fate-destined to roam—
Thick forests waving and rich valleys spread—
Flower clust'ring sweets 'round the poor exile's head—
Oh! but *these* all he'd abandon how soon?
For his cot 'mid the green fields of *Eirin Aroon*.

II.

Columbia! thy Statesmen with Poet and Sage,
May claim a first rank on Fame's golden page;
Their victories and virtues may gleam o'er the sea,
And light up with glory this land of the free—
Their devotion in peace, their high valor in war,
No changes can darken, no malice can mar,
But, oh! *they* were not, when sunlike at noon,
Was one red blaze of glory old *Eirin Aroon!*

III.

Thy ships, great Columbia, coast many a land,
And brave are the soldiers thy Chieftains command,
Proud are the mansions that towering on high,
With Monarchie's castles and palaces vie;
Thy white sails are many—thy children brave—
And their minds have the freedom and rush of a wave,
But as valiant and free men, at morn and noon,
Have thought, taught and feasted in *Eirin Aroon!*

P. M.

MISSOURI CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. LOUIS, 5th Jan., 1858.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TABLET.

DEAR SIR:—The TABLET has been a welcome visitor to my home since its birth, and I owe it a letter on the Holidays in return.

Merry, happy Christmas in St. Louis is what it should be—the first great Festival of a Christian people. Why this is true here more than in most cities may be accounted for, first: by the fact of its having been founded by Catholics. They sowed the good seed, named it after a Catholic saint, and established its character as a Catholic settlement; so much so, that after the great influx of non-Catholics in later years it still retains its original name and spirit. Second, in being blessed with an Archbishop admirably adapted for the time and place. God in His goodness has called him to us; and, if it is generally true that the bishop reflects the virtues of the inferior clergy, it is certainly true here, for a more excellent body of clergymen are nowhere to be found than in this archdiocese. Third, in the great number of religious institutions we have the happiness to possess in our midst; a glance at the Catholic Almanac will give an idea of their number. A member of one of them said to me some time since, that persons in the world seldom reflect on the immense good they receive through the prayers of the religious orders situated in their city or neighborhood. How true? We do not reflect on the blessings that have been averted by the ceaseless prayer of the pious religious offered to God in our behalf. Oh! Catholics of every town throughout the Union, assist with all your ability the establishment amongst you of religious orders, male or female. They will bring blessings to your neighborhood and many blessings to you who aided in their establishment. Fourth, the Laity attend to their religious duties, every opportunity is afforded them for doing so, and with gratifying results. For instance, there was a *Novena* performed in honor of St. Francis Xavier at the church dedicated in his name, which completely filled the spacious church every evening of the eight days previous to his festival, and immediately after it was concluded, another was commenced at the same church in honor of the Immaculate Conception. The multitudes that attended these devotions were only equalled by those that usually attend the Mission given by the Redemptorist Fathers. Father Samarius preached every evening, and certainly anything better calculated than were his discourses to keep wanderers within the fold, could not be imagined. At the Church of the Immaculate Conception a similar *Novena* was given, with like results, and I believe at some of the other churches. At St. John's, Father Ryan, of the Cathedral, conducted a retreat preparatory to Christmas. I may here remark that Fathers Samarius and Ryan are, perhaps, the most eloquent men in the country, entirely different in their style, but both equally effective in producing the desired good—the winning of souls to Christ. Although not publicly made known, I am informed on good authority, that the number of persons received into the church, the result of these public prayers and preachings, would be, if published, considered extraordinary.

It is almost incredible to persons not having the happiness of being an eye-witness, what a multitude received the Blessed Sacrament at the different churches on Christmas morning. The numbers one usually sees approaching the Blessed Sacrament at Christmas in other large communities are only a few compared to what one witnesses in St. Louis.

These I conceive to be some of the reasons why the outward or social observance of Christmas is happily so much more what it should be here than in most other cities of the United States. Perhaps another cause is the Young Men's Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. This Sodality numbers several hundred members, principally of the higher and middle classes of society, who go to communion together on the third Sunday of every month, and are under the direction of one of the Jesuit Fathers. It is needless to say what a good effect this has on the manners and morals of a city.

You may have observed in our local papers an obituary notice of the late Mr. John Thornton, who died a few weeks since, leaving the snug little sum of $600,000 behind him, to be disposed of this wise—viz.: To his nephews and nieces, about $70,000; to different Catholic churches and institutions in this city, some $80,000; and the remainder, say $450,000, to the Archbishop, to be disposed of as he may see proper for the advancement of religion. Large and liberal donations and bequests to the church have not been unfrequent in this city, but I believe this to be the largest ever made, and every one admits it could not have fallen into better hands than Dr. Kendrick's. Mr. Thornton has lived in this city a great number of years, and having no family, he made the Hospital of the Sisters of Charity his home in the decline of life.

The promises of Christ that we should always have the poor with us, is true here as elsewhere, but, nevertheless, we are free from that terrible amount of destitution that prevails in some of your Eastern cities. Many of our manufactories are partially stopped, or are working only half or three quarter time, but then all the necessaries of life are abundant and very much reduced in price. The weather to this has been mild as May, and consequently little or no obstruction to building. Taking all in all we have not suffered so very much from the panic. Mostly all our business men are or have been very financially tight. But then men will be so occasionally. We have not had more than two or three actual failures in our commercial community, and that is a fact worth noting to our credit when you consider the immense business of the city. I have rarely met with a person coming here for the first time who was not astonished at what he saw. The impression of most Eastern men is that St. Louis is a considerable town on the Mississippi, the principal seat of the order of Ruffiandom, but they have no idea of meeting here a great commercial city such as it really is—and everything tends to the consolidation of its greatness. We all know that the tendency of the age is towards centralization, and so it is in St. Louis, which is eating up all the smaller ones around. You will see how few of them will recover the present fever. They had an unnatural growth, and youths that grow too fast are seldom robust. The filling up of Kansas will be of immense advantage to us. No matter whether free or slave, "nigger or no nigger," the Kansas people will buy our goods, and sell us theirs—and that is the principal point.

The Missouri *Democrat* of this city keeps up the Kansas excitement pretty well. The latest news is the killing of three U. S. Dragoons by some of Jim Lane's men. Most likely it is a lie, but it will answer its purpose, and keep up the commotion in the East; here we don't mind it as we are used to it.

We are promising ourselves lively times in Spring. Government will most likely be sending reinforcements to the Utah army. Horses will be "lively" and mules "active" in market prices, and I will be,

Yours, truly, R.

According to the compendium of the census, Ohio had, in 1854, more miles of railroad in operation than any other State of the Union. If so, the railroads of Ohio form about one-eight of all the railroads in the United States, and more than one-fifteenth of all the world.

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN'S LECTURE IN LIMERICK.

(*Concluded.*)

We all complain that this city is deficient in the higher productions of art. Yet, with an abundance of historical recollections out of which a choice might be made, the leading persons of Limerick can suggest no better mode of adorning this capital of the West of Ireland than that of beseeching the British Government to give to them some of the cannon that were taken by the French at Sebastopol. Would it not be more worthy of the Corporation and citizens of Limerick to embellish your public places, and at the same time encourage Irish Art, by setting on foot a subscription for a piece of sculpture, or an historical painting, which should recall to mind some person, or event, the memory of which is dear to the Irish nation, and gratifying to Irish pride?

There is scarcely a person of any class in Limerick who would not feel a pride in being able to refer to trophies won in the competition of artists by natives of this district of Ireland. But, whatever may be the natural talent of a young artist, it is absolutely necessary that he should command opportunities, not only of acquiring the rudiments of instruction, but also of studying good models. Now it appears that all the zeal for the Fine Arts that exists in Limerick, and the adjoining counties, does not, in the aggregate, produce subscriptions to the amount of *one hundred pounds*—the *minimum* required to keep in a state of tolerable efficiency the School of Design which is maintained within the walls of the building in which I now address you. The citizens of Cork have, in this respect, displayed much more appreciation of the Fine Arts than those of Limerick, for they have voluntarily assessed themselves to the extent of a halfpenny in the pound for the establishment of a School of Art. It gives me much pleasure to mention here that some of the students in the small School of Art which at present exists in Limerick have already distinguished themselves in such a manner as to give fair promise of eminent success in this career.

The members of the Mechanics' Institute desire to spend their evenings in intellectual amusement. Are there not many young men of cultivated minds in this city who could contribute to the gratification of this laudable desire by giving lectures upon literary and scientific subjects. It is not necessary to be very learned or very eloquent in order to communicate information that will be useful and pleasing. I remember to have heard at an institution in London a very interesting lecture upon some recent improvement in watch-making, which was delivered by a practical watchmaker, who was scarcely able to put together in a correct manner half a dozen consecutive sentences. The subjects for such lectures are of infinite variety. Each person engaged in any particular employment might, by simply explaining details which come under his daily observation, communicate matter that would be interesting and instructive to an intelligent audience. If no other subjects could be dealt with in a satisfactory manner by our young students, it would be well that after reading an interesting book they should undertake to communicate an outline of its contents to the audience of the working men who have not leisure for the perusal of such books. To establish and uphold such a system of mutual instruction, nothing is wanting but a spirit of intelligent self-reliance.

As regards elementary education, this city is by no means unprovided with opportunities of instruction. With a few exceptions (and I may mention amongst these exceptions the "Leamy Endowment," the state of which is extremely discreditable to the Trustees who have undertaken its management); with few exceptions, the elementary schools of Limerick appear to be in a very satisfactory condition; and even the humblest mechanics have an opportunity of providing for their children as good an education of an elementary kind as can be obtained elsewhere. There is no reason, therefore, why young mechanics should not, in these schools, obtain those rudiments of knowledge which form the basis of an intellectual development, that must subsequently depend mainly upon their own exertions.

The principle of national self-reliance which I am now endeavoring to enforce is also applicable to the encouragement of Irish manufactures. If there were in this country a proper spirit, a preference would be given, in the purchase of all commodities, to the productions of Irish workmanship. I am far from contending that a patriotic disposition should induce a purchaser to prefer a bad and dear article to a good and cheap one merely because the former is Irish; but I am afraid that there are many persons who would turn away from an article if they were sure that it was manufactured in Ireland, though they would cheerfully purchase the same article if they believed it to be French or English. Now, although Ireland is not a manufacturing country, many commodities produced here are, in excellence and durability, equal to those that are procured from other lands. Thus the old home-made frieze and flannels of this country, and even the modern "Tweeds" manufactured in Ireland, are found to be superior in wear, if not in appearance, to those that are imported. Yet in the purchase of woollens, even our rural peasantry often give a preference to the foreign rather than to the home-made article. It is manifest that the cotton of Manchester or the woollen goods of Leeds cannot be brought into this country except by exchanging for them commodities which are the produce of the soil, or of the industry of Ireland. Practically we know that they are purchased by the export of cattle, of sheep, of pigs, of butter, of grain, of fish—that is of the food of man. Now, whatever Political Economists may say on the subject, I confess that I would wish the food which is produced in this country to be eaten by Irish artisans in Ireland rather than by the inhabitants of Manchester or Leeds. Tropical productions, indeed, such as tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, &c., cannot in any case be obtained except by the export of some equivalent from Ireland; but in regard of every article that can be manufactured at home a preference ought to be given by the Irish purchaser to our domestic manufactures—provided always they be equally good in quality and equally reasonable in price.

I purposely forbear from suggesting higher applications of the same principle of self-reliance, least I should be led into the forbidden field of controversial politics. In all that I say to-night, I assume that no change will take place in our political condition, and I invite you to consider what may be done by the operation of national spirit, and by efforts purely social, to elevate the character of our beloved country.

Now, we all desire that Dublin, as capital of Ireland, should be rendered a flourishing city, and should become renowned for its advancement in all those arts which give dignity to a great metropolis. At present it is deserted by the aristocracy of Ireland, and consequently many trades languish which would be invigorated by the diffusion of wealth; and many undertakings tending to embellish and improve, or to effect objects which would gratify our national pride, are put aside from want of means to accomplish them. Probably, many of us are disposed to think that Dublin cannot fully attain all the advantages which belong to a metropolis unless it becomes the seat of a domestic legislature. But, if the nobility and gentry of Ireland were animated by a patriotic spirit, Dublin might be rendered, almost in the course of a single year, even without the presence of a domestic legislature, one of the most agreeable capitals of the world. Several hundreds of the wealthiest of our landed proprietors are in the habit of emigrating annually to London, Paris, or other capitals in search of what are called "the advantages of society" for their families. Now, if these proprietors would agree amongst themselves to repair to Dublin for what is called "the season," they might at once constitute as eligible a circle as they would find in any other metropolis. Indeed, such a circle would be to them much more agreeable than those which they now habituate, because in London society even the highest of our Irish aristocracy are considered intruders, and are barely tolerated by the arrogance of the English "fashionable world;" whereas in Dublin they would occupy their natural position, which is always more dignified than one that is dependent upon accidental and temporary circumstances. The permanent society of Dublin that is to be found there at present, though for the most part not very wealthy, may bear comparison in point of education and refinement with that of the most favored capitals of Europe. It consists chiefly of the families of professional men whose career in life necessarily requires that they should be highly instructed, and there is a genial tone and hospitable disposition amongst those classes which is seldom found elsewhere. It was, I believe, the unanimous sentiment of all the distinguished strangers who attended the recent meeting of the British Association in Dublin, that nowhere had they found so many elements of gratification, intellectual and social, as they had enjoyed at Dublin. It is needless to remark that, if several hundred wealthy families were to repair annually to Dublin for a few months, instead of carrying away their pecuniary resources to London and other foreign capitals, a multitude of projects tending to give employment to artisans, and, at the same time, to embellish or improve the country at large, would be set on foot and carried into effect by a co-operation which cannot now be obtained in consequence of the dispersion of those who possess the means to accomplish them.

In like manner, if the nobility and gentry of Ireland were to make it a principle to send their children to Irish schools and colleges, instead of sending them to other countries, where they often obtain but very indifferent instruction, and acquire a contempt for their native land, they might, in the course of a very few years, render this country as remarkable for the excellence of its seminaries as it was in those early ages, when Saxon and other foreign students used to repair to Ireland for instruction. Several thousand boys—the children of the wealthiest classes—now migrate annually to England and foreign countries for education. If the parents of these children were animated by patriotic sentiments, they would make suitable efforts to secure the establishment, in this country, of schools and colleges of the highest character; and then practically encourage these academies by sending to them their own children. I can speak with some confidence upon this subject, because I have myself acted on the principle which I here inculcate. Though I was myself educated wholly in England, I felt it to be my duty to try, at least as an experiment, whether it were not possible to secure for my children a good education at school and at college, in their own country. I confess that I made this experiment with considerable doubt and distrust as to the result, but I have been amply rewarded, for I have no hesitation in saying that my sons have enjoyed opportunities of receiving in Ireland an education much better in all respects than that which I obtained in England. This observation, however, does not apply to my second son, who, being deaf and dumb, was sent to school in England—there being in this country, so far as consists with my knowledge—no seminary suitable for his education.

Illustrations of the advantages which would result to this country from the operation of a self-relying spirit on the part of the Irish nation might be multiplied, if time would permit, to an extent almost indefinite. I shall add only one word more, by way of exhortation to the young men of this country, for the purpose of endeavoring to induce them to abandon the habit which unfortunately prevails to a great extent, of seeking to obtain situations under government. This habit does not exist so much amongst the working classes as amongst the middle classes and amongst the wealthiest ranks of society. Such a disposition of mind tends much to degrade the character of this country and to check the natural energies of our people. I am confident that it would be found upon inquiry that for every appointment under government conferred upon an Irishman there are at least twenty competitors. Now, if this be the case, it is manifest that, upon the occasion of each vacancy, at least nineteen persons must be disappointed; and these nineteen persons are, for the most part, induced to hang on, relying upon a vague hope, in a listless state of expectation, instead of exerting their natural energies to make an independent position for themselves in the honorable occupations of industry or commerce. This system of expectancy tends also to degrade the character of our public men. It is well understood at the Treasury that patronage is given only to those who are prepared to offer an equivalent for it in support afforded to the government of the day. How is it possible then that a representative can maintain his parliamentary independence if he be constantly urged to solicit situations for his constituents? These remarks do not, however, apply to a system of promotion, dependent upon "competitive examination." If such a system could be universally established and acted upon with integrity, the acquirement of a situation under government would be honorable to the successful party, and even those who might fail would have had the advantage of an educational preparation which would be highly useful to them in whatever path of life they might subsequently choose. But I fear that we are still far from the establishment of a system of promotion which would depend wholly upon merit; and I speak not with reference to changes which may possibly hereafter occur, but with reference to what actually exists.

Let me avail myself of this opportunity to caution you against yielding to the opinion with which English writers have of late years endeavored to impress the public mind of Europe and of America—that the Irish are incompetent to achieve the same success that has been obtained by Englishmen, because they belong to an inferior race. A more absurd dogma was never put forward to justify the exclusion of a people from their fair position in the scale of nations, than this doctrine—that the Anglo-Saxon race is superior to that of the Celt; and it is painful to see that it has been unscrupulously used by such a writer as Macaulay, to justify his malevolent aspersions upon our country and its inhabitants. The very term Anglo-Saxon is a misnomer, when applied to the people whose domineering spirit seeks to establish their ascendancy in every region of the globe. The Saxon or Anglo-Saxon race were trampled down by the Normans, during the first two centuries that followed the conquest of England; and that element of overpowering energy which characterize Englishmen, belongs to the Norman—not to the Saxon race. Now a large proportion of the inabitants of Ireland—including even many who speak the Gaelic tongue, are of the Norman race. The truth is, that the population both of England and of Ireland is, to a remarkable extent, a mixed people. In England it has become impossible to determine whether the blood of the ancient Briton, or of the Saxon, or of the Dane, of the Norman, or of the miscellaneous multitude of refugees from all countries that has become mingled with its population, most predominates. On the other hand we are told by Dr. Keating, in his history of Ireland, that, even before the Norman set foot in Ireland, this island had been inhabited by several different races—the Firbolgs, the Tuatha de Danaan, the Gales, the Danes—not to speak of Nemedians, Fomorians, &c. Ever since the Roman invasion of Ireland there has been a continuous influx of foreign races—such as the Anglo-Saxons, the lowland Scotch, and foreign adventurers of all kinds. At this very moment many Irish families who are characterized by all those imperfections, which are attributed by English writers to the Celt, are by origin undoubtedly English, whilst many families, undoubtedly of Gaelic origin, ape the manners—I will not say the virtues—of the English, and I am sorry to add often carry this imitation to the extent of despising the country which for three thousand years has been the home of their kindred.

The truth is that our inferiority, if it exists at all, is the result not of difference of race, but of difference of circumstances. Would the English character be what it now is if the Turks had ruled in Great Britain as a dominant race during six hundred years? And, further, I refuse to accept the word *inferiority*, as a just description of the difference that exists between our national character and that of the English people. I trust that I shall never live to see the day when my countrymen will renounce their kind, genial, social, generous, and impulsive natures in exchange for the cold, self-esteem, and repulsive rigidity which characterize our neighbors.

I thank God, too, that the spirit of *Mammonism*, which has created for England so much of the wealth in which its alleged superiority consists, has not been as firmly established in this country as at the other side of the channel, for I firmly believe that to the habit of considering wealth as the first, if not the sole, *desideratum* of life, England will owe her future downfall. I thank God that a large proportion of the Irish nation still feel that there is something nobler in man's nature than the thirst for pecuniary gain, and I trust that the day is yet far distant when virtue and merit will be measured in this country by the monetary standard. Let us endeavor to imitate the good qualities of other nations, whether those qualities be found in the Gaul or the Saxon, but let us beware of that miserable spirit of sycophancy that would exchange the noblest instincts with which the God of nature has endowed us for the most grovelling or the most selfish propensities that belong to those who call themselves our superiors.

Above all let us beware of supposing that differences amongst ourselves in regard of religious conviction must necessarily engender discord and mutual hate. That such has hitherto been the case—and that these discords have been studiously encouraged by those whose interest it is to divide us—are, indeed, facts which cannot be denied. And any one who witnessed the civil war which prevailed lately during two or three months in one of our most flourishing cities on account of memories and watchwords connected with the struggle of two competitors for the throne of England which took place at the close of the seventeenth century—neither of whom cared for Ireland except as an appendage to British power, might well entertain utter hopelessness in regard to the destinies of this country. But in the end the sentiment and influences of a common interest must bind together the different sections of the population of this kingdom. Now I defy the most virulent partisan on either side to point out a single circumstance in regard of which the interest of the Protestant inhabitant of Belfast is at variance with that of his Catholic neighbor. Speaking for myself I can truly say that to me it is a source of continual happiness that I can, without the slightest violation of conscience, love and esteem equally my Protestant and my Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen. This land—the whole of this land—from Innishowen to Crookhaven—from "Cashel of the Kings" to the ancient city of Armagh, where lie interred the remains of the hero of Clontarf—is the land of my fathers—the land of my children—"my own, my native land." The interests of all its inhabitants, whatever may be their race or creed, are my interests.

"Their glory and their infamy are mine." Nor can I stand on the banks of the Shannon, and watch the lapse of its current, without remembering that from the time when it enters the broad expanse of Lough Derg to that in which it meets the Atlantic wave at Loophead, it laves a territory replete with memorials which remind me that "North Munster" has been the home of my family for a hundred generations. When I gaze upon the ancient Cathedral of this city, and call to mind that it was founded by my ancestors seven hundred years ago, it is not surprising that I should feel more than a common concern for the honor and welfare of Limerick. Whatever, therefore, may be my reward—whether I earn the love and gratitude of my fellow-countrymen, or endure, as I have already endured, misrepresentation and suffering of every kind on account of my attempts to serve them, I shall continue to labor for Ireland; and especially to hold myself ready to co-operate with the inhabitants of Limerick in every effort which they may make to elevate their city by intellectual culture, or to adorn it by external embellishment.

Nor do I care how humble may be the agencies by which these ends are accomplished. Few living men have mingled with so many different grades of society, or have seen so many vicissitudes of life; and this experience has taught me that moral worth and intellectual prowess are not the exclusive inheritance of any particular class. On the contrary, I am convinced that there is often to be found in the breast of an industrious mechanic more of genuine dignity than inhabits that of the haughtiest peer. I have dwelt in lordly mansions and in thatched cottages—and this experience has convinced me that genuine happiness is as often to be found beneath the lowly roof as in the Regal palace. Amongst the men that I have known who have obtained the highest success in a professional or commercial career, the greater part have been the architects of their own fortunes—have owed everything to their own abilities and perseverance. I am able therefore to speak in terms of encouragement to the young mechanics who have done me the honor to ask me to address them to-night, and to assure them, as well as the classes to whom Fortune has been more propitious, that both individual advancement and national greatness can, under the blessings of Providence, be secured only by cherishing the manly sentiment of SELF-RELIANCE. We ought not, indeed, to reject the co-operation of those whose sympathies we are entitled to claim.

On the contrary, I have endeavored to show to-night how many useful objects might be promoted by the combination of those whose interests are identical, but we ought to practice the habit of considering not what might be done for us by others, but what we can do for ourselves. By acting upon this principle, the inhabitants of Ireland have it in their power to make this country a realm whose name shall

be mentioned with honor throughout all ages, and amongst all nations of the earth. Since we cannot erase from our annals the pages which tell of dissension, and suffering and degradation, let us at least pray that our posterity may hereafter enact and record a history that shall realize our fondest aspirations.

Mr. O'Brien's eldest son, besides several Catholic clergymen, a number of merchants, traders, &c., &c., occupied seats on the platform during the delivery of the lecture, and at its conclusion the learned and patriotic lecturer was greeted with tremendous outbursts of applause, all the audience standing up.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

Indian News.—Discrepancies in the Telegrams.—Carelessness of" Telegramists."—The Queen and the Soldier's Wives.—John Company among the Dead Men. —A Nabob.—The Educational Franchise.—What the TIMES *thinks of it.—The British Crown Jewels belong to Hanover.—*TUUM *means* MEUM *in England.— The Princess Royal.—Miss White settles down.—The Staffordshire Colliers on a strike.—Spurgeon in Ireland.—The House of Mercy, Tuam, in the Queen's Bench, &c.*

LONDON, 24th December, 1857.

Lucknow is relieved—at least such is the conclusion that may be arrived at after a protracted study of two very dubious "telegrams," which jumble figures and data in a most extraordinary manner. The dispatch received through Lord Lyons announces the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell at Cawnpore on the 2nd of November, and his junction with the forces at the Alumbagh on the 21st. Active operations, says the same message, were commenced on the 23rd, and the next six days were passed in bloody struggles with the enemy, yet, on the 21st the chief stronghold having been taken, the garrison was relieved and the women and children, sick and wounded escorted to Cawnpore on the 20th! Another telegram from a newspaper correspondent at Malta assigns the 11th November as the date of Sir Colin's arrival at Alumbagh and the 10th as that of the relief of Lucknow. These dispatches agree as to the severity of the struggle, yet, notwithstanding, the alleged desperate fighting during six days, an account received from another source (what source?) states that the relief of Lucknow was accomplished with a loss of only four officers killed and forty wounded. This account says that the forces under Sir Colin Campbell's command amount to 12,000 men while the Foreign Office dispatch places the number at 22 000. What is the truth? and which is the dispatch to be relied on? It is a difficult question, and one I would not pretend to solve. However, the warrior-bards who get the Indian revolution into a corner of their editorial sanctums and break its back with their trusty steel pens, take what suits them out of each account and weave it into a triumphal song which they sing as they crown the British Lion with a fool's-cap made out of the intertwined dispatches. It would be, however, no more than seemly on the part of the telegram manufacturers to come to an understanding as to the intelligence they are to transmit. In the present case the understanding did not go farther than the relief of Lucknow, the details being left to the individual genius of each "telegramist." Gentlemen "telegramists" or "telegramers," a little unanimity, for pity's sake.

Her Majesty has a great deal of sympathy for the wives and families of soldiers sent to India—but nothing more. It would be contrary to the established rule for her Majesty to contribute to a local subscription. Such is the gist of the answer received by the Secretary of the Woolwich Committee, to a communication requesting the royal patronage, and a subscription to the fund. The Secretary is also rapped over the knuckles by the hint that it is not usual for any committee or other body to address her Majesty personally through the medium of her Secretary. The Woolwich Committee, no doubt, feels particularly extinguished, and will in future have less confidence in the success of appeals to royalty.

It seems decided that poor John Company is to be immolated. Death will never have killed a fatter deer. The Palmerstonian organ of Tuesday evening has semi-officially confirmed the announcement that Government intended bringing in a bill for the abolition of the double government of India. At a meeting held on Wednesday, at the India House, the Chairman stated that Lord Palmerston had informed him that it was the intention of Ministers to bring in a bill for the purpose of placing the government of India under the direct authority of the Crown. The terrible news sent a thrill of horror through many a portly frame, which was partially relieved by an indulgence in hisses and beastly bellowings of the most heartrending description.

A Yorkshire paper announces that a certain Colonel Crosse lately arrived from India, where he *amassed* a fortune of a million and a half, is about to buy estates in Yorkshire, and present himself to the electors of one of the divisions of that county on the first opportunity. The Colonel, no doubt, left India in time and probably had good reason for it. The history of that million and a half would, I am sure, be highly interesting, the more so as when the Colonel arrived in India, some fifty years ago, he was not the possessor of a penny. How did he become a millionaire and a half? Perhaps the the Hindoos knows it to their cost.

A memorial in favor of the representation in Parliament of the educated classes, has been presented to Lord Palmerston. It is signed by men of science, lights of literature, members of the nobility, and bears the names of the Duke of Leinster, Lord Brougham, Lord Rosse, Sir R. I. Murchison, Sir Philip Crampton, Sir A. Alison, Rev. Charles Kingsley, the Provost of Trinity (Dublin), and a host of other distinguished persons. The memorialists demand a voice in the legislature for those who have had a liberal education, and recommend a distinct representation for them by amalgamating in separate constituencies the different classes and professions in whose enfranchisement is proposed. The *Times* treats the scheme as ridiculous and impracticable, but fails to prove its absurdity or impracticability. The Thunderer seems tickled at the idea of that "crotchety band," scientific and literary men—claiming to be represented. Financiers and cotton brokers alone have got the right sort of brains for legislation—lack of honesty being no disqualification.

Talking of honesty an excellent example has been set before us in high quarters. Not content with stealing countries and naval ports, Evangelical England has been endeavoring to filch jewels from Hanover, and has for many years decked herself in the stolen property. Those precious objects formed part of the Crown Jewels and are said to be worth nearly £200.000. Part of them had been taken to England by George I. and the rest bought by the third of the fools of that name out of his private purse and left by him to the royal family of Hanover. On the accession of Queen Victoria, the jewels were claimed by the late King of Hanover, but his claim was urged to deaf ears. The untiring importunity of the Hanoverian minister at last forced the Ministry to consent that the rights of the two sovereigns should be submitted to a commission of three English Judges. Impediments of every imaginable description were thrown in the way of a decision so that the commissioners, one after the other, shuffled off this mortal coil without deciding the question. Attempts were made unavailingly to procure the appointment of another commission until at last Lord Clarendon consented that three other judges should be appointed. The Commission, on investigation, is said to have recognized the justice of the Hanoverian claim. The idea of the Queen of England wearing stolen jewelry would astonish us if anything in that way could surprise us, in the present highly moral century.

The marriage contract of the Princess Royal and the Prince of Prussia has been signed at the Foreign Office, by Lord Clarendon, the Prussian Ambassador, the Lord Chancellor, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Princess, according to courtly report, is to be attended by fourteen bridesmaids, each of whom is to receive a bracelet in commemoration of the event. Immediately after the marriage, a drawing-room will be held at St. James's, when the newly-married couple, the Queen and Prince Consort will receive the congratulations of all in duty bound to offer them.

The notorious Miss White, of Mazzinian reputation, has returned to her native land, and the daily journals announce that on Saturday she resigned the liberty and independence of single blessedness in favor of a young Italiano, a votary of the Muses, with whom she became acquainted during her remarkable sojourn in Genoa. It is to be hoped that she will now "quietly settle down."

Some trouble is apprehended among the Staffordshire colliers, who are preparing for a general strike in consequence of a reduction of wages. The police in the troubled district has been increased, and the "fogies," for several miles round, have received orders to be in readiness in case of disturbance.

It seems that the great Spurgeon is desirous of giving Irishmen in Ireland, an opportunity of appreciating his eloquence. Belfast, the belligerent, will have the honor of his presence. He has consented, it is stated, to open Hanna's Church, which is in progress of erection. The great Spurgeon had better stay at home.

An application has been made to the Court of Queen's Bench by a Mrs. Griffith for an order to the Superioress of the Tuam House of Mercy to bring up the body of Bridget Conway, said to be detained in that institution. The facts are these: Bridget Conway, who is now nearly 16 years old, was born in Tuam, and there baptized by a Catholic clergymen. Her parents were both Catholics, but were driven by famine into the jaws of Proselytism. Before his death, however, the father sent for a priest and received the last sacraments. The same happiness was not reserved for the unfortunate mother, who, in the midst of her desire to be again received into the true Church, was suddenly hurried into another world. Bridget had been placed by Mrs. Griffith in a house in Dublin, and the treatment the poor girl received was such as to make her run away to Liverpool, whence she afterwards wrote to her uncle stating that she was starving, and requesting a remittance to enable her to come home to him and her grandmother. The money was sent her, and she reached her uncle's house, but found herself entirely destitute. Shortly afterwards she applied for admission at the House of Mercy in Tuam, and was received. In reply to the affidavit of Mrs. Griffith, Bridget Conway has made another in which she states that she came to the House of Mercy of her own free will, and furthermore that she desires to stay there. What will the proselytizers imagine next?

I have written my letter a day before my usual time, in consequence of to-morrow being Christmas Day. I cannot better conclude than by honoring a time-honored and touching custom at this season of the year. Allow me to wish you and those of my literary co-laborers whose friendship I enjoyed when I was a denizen of your Empire city, the compliments of the season. And may the NEW YORK TABLET and its intelligent readers see many a "merry Christmas" and many a "happy New Year!"

W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome.—Ordination of Prince Lucien Bonaparte.—His First Mass.—Naples.—The Earthquake.—The English prisoners.—The University of Brussels and the free-thinkers of Holland.—The Bank of France.—New Year's Day.—The Persian Ambassador.—Washington not a Marshal of France.—Oysters versus snails. —Biographical sketch of Mgr. Gros, Bishop of Versailles.—Catholic Items.

PARIS, 24th Dec., 1857.

Letters from Rome announce that some changes are about to take place in the pontifical diplomatic body. Monsignor the Bishop of Forlì, is to go to Brazil as Nuncio in the place of Monsignor Massoni, who fell a victim to yellow fever. Monsignor Simeoni is to be sent to Florence, and Monsignor Franchi to Naples. On Sunday, the 13th inst., his Holiness Pope Pius, assisted by Monsignor Hohenlohe, Bishop of Edesse, his almoner, and Mgr. Marinelli, Bishop of Porphyre, administered the Sacrament of Holy Orders to Prince Lucien Bonaparte in the private chapel of the Vatican. The Prince is the second son of the late Prince de Canino. Several of the Prince's nearest friends had the pleasure of assisting at the ceremony. The Prince's mother is buried in the Church of Santa Maria in via Lata, and with touching filial piety the newly-ordained and princely priest celebrated his first Mass in that Church. Besides the friends and relations of Prince Lucien, his first Mass was heard by several Cardinals, prelates, members of the Diplomatic Corps, a large number of the Roman nobility, and several distinguished persons, foreigners as well as Italians. After the ceremony they all adjourned to the Prince's apartments in the Palace of Prince Gabrielli, to congratulate him personally. The Prince celebrated his second Mass on the following day in the Church de la Trinita de Monte-Pincio, to which is annexed a French Convent of the Sacred Heart.

Pius the Ninth, whose paternal heart always beats with the promptings of charity, has again sent his contribution in aid of the victims of the Po in the provinces of Lodi and Pavia. His Holiness has sent to the agent of the Pontifical Government at Milan the sum of 500 crowns to be immediately placed at the disposal of the committee appointed to receive subscriptions.

The works of Art in the Vatican have been increased by a painting of large dimensions, from the pencil of Charles de Paris, a Roman by birth. The picture represents the moment when the Holy Father pronounced, on the 8th December, 1854, before the Sacred College and more than two hundred bishops, the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception. The work was ordered by the Pope, who has had it placed in the room where he gives audience to lady visitors. A painting at present in the monastery of the Ara Cœli, representing *Sadness*, is the topic of conversation in Rome at present. It is the work of a young Brother, who having given evidence of a genius for painting was permitted by his Superiors to study that art and to follow the course of the Academy of Saint Luc. Brother Fofrede is a Sardinian by birth, and his work is said by the critics and dilletante of the Eternal City to announce another great painter and another rising star in the firmament of the Roman School.

On the 16th, the fete of St. Januarius, the patron of Naples, the shock of an earthquake was felt in that city. The movement was felt at three different times, and was sometimes so violent that it was with difficulty persons could keep standing. A strong sulphureous odor filled the air. The night was spent in anxiety difficult to conceive; most of the inhabitants spent it in the streets, in the public squares, invoking the Divine protection, the intercession of the Madonna and Saint Januarius. The following morning, in the various churches, the people offered up thanks to God for having protected the city. In the evening, prayers were again offered up. The people again assembled on the different Plaza, fearing another shock which had been predicted, but fortunately these predictions were not verified. The provinces aid not fare so well. The telegraph wires were broken in the direction of Bari and Calabria. A number of houses were destroyed at Padula and in the Commune of Ateva. Those of Petroza, Polla, Auletta and Caggiano, suffered severely. The government with paternal solicitude, has taken the necessary measures to succor the unfortunate victims whom the earthquake has deprived of shelter. The authorities are every where active, and the King has ordered aid to be administered in the different localities.

The trial of the English engineers implicated in the affairs of the *Cagliari* will not probably take place before the middle of next month. The advocate of the defense arrived at Salerno on the 14th, to examine the documents concerning the accused Britons. The prisoners will be informed of the charges made against them, and of the confirmation of those accusations by the High Criminal Court.

The pet institution of the Belgian "liberals," the University of Brussels has just received a distinction which is in itself so significative as to render commentary superfluous. A Society called the *Dageraad*, an association of the "free-thinkers" of Holland met lately to celebrate the anniversary of its foundation. The objects of this Society, are: The pursuit of truth *by the organ of Nature and Reason*; the union and fraternization of all free thinkers. A person named Meyer, President of this excellent body, in his opening discourse, said that the association should unite the scattered forces of thought *delivered from the chains of faith*. Among the measures recommended by the President was the founding of a free university and, *until that could be accomplished, to recommend the University of Brussels as the central point for the higher instruction of the sons of the free-thinkers of Holland!* As I said before, commentary would be superfluous.

At a meeting of the General Council of the Bank of France, held on the 19th instant, the rate of discount was reduced to 6 per cent., from the 28th of the present month.

The *Moniteur* announces that on New Year's morning the Emperor will receive the diplomatic Corps and the Constituted authorities. On the 2d January, the Emperor and Empress will receive the ladies of the diplomatic body, and those who have been already presented to their Majesties. The notice further contains the strange announcement that those ladies may bring their husbands with them.

The Persian Ambassador, Ferruck Khan, has left Paris for London to take his leave of the Queen before returning to the East. Ferruck Khan is also in negociation with the Pontifical Court for the conclusion of a treaty of commerce and friendship.

The *Moniteur de l'Armee* says that an American journal, the *National Intelligencer*, having stated that the title of Marshal of France had been granted to General Washington by the French Government, application has been made to our Minister at War, Marshal Vaillant, to know if such were the case. The answer is, that no trace can be found in the archives of the Department of any ordinance conferring that dignity on the American patriot. All the documents, from the date of the treaty of Alliance (February, 1778,) to the year 1786, three years after the peace, have been gone through, and no document conferring such a dignity on Washington has been found. There is an order from Count de Rochambeau that General Washington should receive the honors due to a Marshal of France; these may, perhaps, have been confounded with the dignity itself. In the correspondence with Rochambeau, Washington only receives the title of General. If the title had been really granted, the proof would naturally have been found officially registered among the nominations to the dignity of Marshal.

We are as great eaters of oysters in Paris as you are in New York, only that we eat them raw, the *stew* being very little known here. However, the oyster has a formidable rival in the *snail*. The consumption of snails this year in Paris in the restaurants and at the *marchands de vin* has been so great that the amount of oysters consumed has diminished by a third. Formerly at this season Paris swallowed daily 6,000 panniers of oysters; at present, however, the diurnal oyster meal of the Capital of fashion is only 4,000. The best edible snails come from Champagne, Perche, Burgundy, and Poitou. The worthy Parisians eat about a million of francs' worth yearly. If the oyster should get sick in America, like the potato in Ireland, I would recommend the snail as a substitute. Do not make a wry face at the idea, dear reader, I can assure you that there is not so much difference between snails and oysters.

A Requiem Mass was offered on Tuesday at Notre Dame for the repose of the soul of Mgr. Gros, Bishop of Versailles, the Metropolitan of Paris, whose regretted demise I announced in a late letter. Mgr. Gros was born at Reims, on the 7th October, 1704. He entered the Grand Seminary of Meaux, and was thence sent to Melun to perform the duties of Vicar. When the Archbishop of Reims was reconstituted, the Archbishop, Monsignor de Coucy appointed the Abbe Gros his private Secretary. In 1828 Mgr. de Coucy's successor, Mgr. de Latie, appointed M. Gros, Vicar-General. That Prelate being obliged to be absent from his diocese, the young Vicar-General took an active part in administering the affairs of the see. In 1840, he was appointed Vicar-General of the diocese of Paris by the martyred Archbishop Mgr. Affre. In October, 1842, he was appointed to the episcopal see of Saint Die, and in March, 1844, he succeeded Mgr. de Bailleul in the see of Versailles. Never did a prelate more nobly fulfill his holy mission; his zeal in the performance of his duties was indefatigable, his charity unbounded, his piety only equalled by modesty. "The course of his episcopacy," says the *Moniteur*, "justified the motto he had chosen: *In labore requies.*"

M. l'Abbe Poiree, Cure of Montargis, and Archdeacon, has received from the Holy Father, Pius IX., at the request of the Bishop of Orleans, a flattering distinction: he has been appointed Apostolical Protonotary.

The Abbe Thomine-Desmazar, formerly Vicar-General of Bayeux, and at present Apostolical Missionary in China, has been appointed Apostolical Vicar at Thibet.

Mgr. de Langaric, Bishop of Belley, has announced to his diocese that the jubilee granted by his Holiness, Pius the Ninth, will commence on the 1st of next January, and will end on the last day of December, 1858.

Yesterday the obsequies of Sister Galtier were celebrated in the Church of Saint Jacques du Haut-Pas. That pious religious was Superioress of the Sisters of Saint Vincent de Paul in that parish. An immense concourse of the faithful assembled on the occasion. The saintly sister was borne to her resting place on the hearse of the poor, followed by several distinguished ecclesiastics, a great number of religions of the different orders established in the parish, and an immense crowd who manifested their feelings of veneration and gratitude for the deceased.

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16, 1858.

You have seen, since I wrote you last, that I was correct in my estimate of the terror of the President's special message to Congress, on the subject of fillibusterism. The views which he has embodied therein are shared, and will be maintained by the great mass of the American people. Southern members, who take the opposite side of the question, and endeavor to make a "*hero*" (!) out of one who has violated the laws of the United States, and the principles of justice, humanity, and international comity with a neighboring friendly nation, forget their own sectional interests, and lay them bare to marauders of a different type, yet as persevering for the attainment of their objects as the freebooters under Mr. Wm. Walker.

The gist of the arguments advanced by those gentlemen in the House, this week, lies in the limitation to the exercise of our neutrality laws to the distance of a marine league from the coast; beyond this, neither the State nor Federal authorities have a right to go under their sanction, in the pursuit of those who violate them, and the inter-municipal regulations of the country. Well, once establish at the South such a construction of those laws, and what will prevent bands of Abolition fillibusters from going on similar expeditions to any of the Southern States for the purpose of stealing away their slaves? Once beyond the limits of a marine league, neither the Federal nor State municipal laws have any force, and, consequently, it would be "robbery," as Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, said of Commodore Paulding's seizure of Walker and his followers, to arrest such persons on the high seas, and restrain them from expatriating themselves to Canada or elsewhere with their plunder.

Those Quixotic gentlemen must be certainly mad, or they would not advocate a principle of law that would strip Mississippi, Louisiana, Georgia and South Carolina of nearly all their slaves in a few years.

Although the same class of persons will vote for the Lecompton Constitution, *fraudulent* and *iniquitous* as have been all the acts connected with its continuation, there is a strong conservative element of right among the honest men of the South, that will prevent those hotspurs from forcing upon them any measure, however beneficial it may be to their section of the country, when it is not accomplished by fair and honorable means. They are already moving in this direction at New Orleans and Mobile, and from the frank, manly and fearless course which the Governor of Virginia has taken in connection therewith, a sober second thought on the matter will soon supersede the folly so rampant at present in the Halls of Congress.

The troubles in Utah will terminate peaceably. An officer of the army, who arrived here last night in forty-five days from the United States troops, near Fort Bridger, says that they are in fine condition and in very comfortable quarters. It is his opinion that Brigham Young will evacuate the Territory, and give the government no further trouble, when the army shall resume their march in the Spring, for the point of their destination. He says that on arriving in the States, he was surprised to see the accounts in the papers of the warlike preparations of Brigham, as there was no foundation whatever for them.

The debate which was sprung upon the Senate last Thursday week on the Nicaragua question, in which Judge Douglas participated, does not change his position in the least on fillibusterism, as stated in your editorial of the 9th inst. He is totally and unequivocally opposed to the whole scheme of Walker's raids, and only, in union with every member of the Senate, condemned the practice of officers of the Army or Navy going beyond their instructions, and construing the laws to suit themselves on every emergency.

The Senate, on Thursday last, confirmed the nomination of about sixty-two naval officers, who had been reserved and dropped from the service, under the operation of the Act of February, 1855. On the 16th January, 1857, Congress passed another Act, authorizing Courts of Inquiry into the justice, or rather injustice, of the proceedings of the former Naval Board, and the result has been, that the above number of meritorious officers have been restored to the confidence of their country. Great wrong had been done those gentlemen—the whole of which has not yet been remedied, but the resolution of the Hon. Jefferson Davis, now pending in the House—it having already passed the Senate, will give the President full power to correct all errors in the case.

In order to show the public the extent to which this evil has gone, I will name only a single instance as an example of all.

Lieut. John Glasson, of Brooklyn, who was in command of the U. S. schooner Falcon (and late in command of the storeship Lexington, which took out to Japan the government present, accompanying Commodore Perry's expedition there) during the Mexican War, with credit to himself and honor to the Navy, was cashiered unceremoniously by the Board of fifteen "old fogies," to make a vacancy for some young, inexperienced skipper, whom they had a partiality for.

I understand, from good authority, that the President will dispose to-day of all the Consular appointments which he intends to make, and thus relieve himself of the applications of about six hundred persons for those places. On Thursday the senate confirmed the following appointments:

Francis W. Pickens, of South Carolina, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Russia. James W. Borden, of Indiana, to be commissioner of the United States to the kingdom of Hawaii: Beverly L. Clarke, of Kentucky, to be minister resident of the United States to the republic of Guatemala. Beverly Tucker, of Virginia, to be consul of the United States to Liverpool. Wm. Thomson, of New York, to be consul at Southampton. John Enlich, of Pennsylvania, to be consul at Basle. Charles J. Fox, of Michigan, to be consul at Aspinwall. Wm. Trevitt, of Ohio, to be consul at Valparaiso. Charles F. W. Glanz, of Pennsylvania, to be consul at Stettin. Wyman B. S. Moor, of Maine, to be consul general for the British North American provinces. Ernest Volger, of Virginia, to be consul at Barcelona. Hy Wm. Spencer, of New York, to be consul at Paris. John F. Porteous, of South Carolina, to be consul at Oporto. John B. Cary to be surveyor at the port of Hampton, Virginia, vice Wm. R. Laws, resigned.

The Senate has also confirmed the nominations of Wm. B. Reed, of Pennsylvania, as minister to China, by 28 to 17; John Bigler, of California, as minister to Chili; B. F. Angel, of New York, as minister to Sweden, and Richard Kidder, of Virginia, as minister to Brazil.

The City Post Office traps were transferred on Thursday night last to the new office on the north side of the General Post Office building on F street, fronting the Patent Office. It is, perhaps, the handsomest office of the kind in the United States, and has every facility for the accommodation of the citizens. The public are chiefly, if not wholly, indebted to the Postmaster, Col. Berrett, for the interior and exterior arrangements of the place. It is thought the President will supersede him by the appointment of Dr. Jones, but the people of this city, almost unitedly, would rather that no change be made in his position.

A gentleman long connected with the Irish press in the United States, "*A Washington Correspondent*," is taking preliminary steps for publishing a weekly journal in this city, to be called "THE WASHINGTON REPORTER."

From the course that public affairs have been recently taking, and the total want of *reliability* on the promises and acts of public men, towards a large and influential class of citizens, a paper of the kind is a *desideratum* long wanted and earnestly looked for in this region. Ample means will be furnished for its support by those who feel a deep interest in the project, and our people may feel satisfied, when it is in operation, that they will be weekly posted up on all subjects appertaining to their political and personal rights.

The present attitude of Governor Wise, towards the Administration, has been caused by some very curious matters that are not necessary, at this time, to be made public. In his forthcoming address to the people of Virginia, he may inform the citizens of Mississippi and Georgia, of what the President's sentiments were at the time the Legislatures of those States denounced Gen. Walker, of Kansas, for the course he took in assuring the people of that Territory, that they should have a full and free vote on the whole of their Constitution. Perhaps the President's private letter to Robert J. Walker, on the same subject, under date of July last, may also see the light. SIGMA.

A NEW STEAMER.—The *Charlotte Vanderbilt* is the name of a new steamboat, intended to ply as a day boat between this City and Albany. She was built near Keyport, N. J., and has had her machinery put in at Jersey City. In model she is not unlike the ordinary river boats, except that she is sharper, and in her natural trim draws only two feet and ten inches water! She is 200 feet long, and has great breadth of beam.

CITY NEWS.

LOVE AND LAW.—A case was tried in the Supreme Court on Friday, 15th inst., which threatens to rival the John Dean affair, and is somewhat similar to it. The facts briefly stated are as follows: A Miss Emma A Hawley, young, handsome, and what appears to be of more importance, the possessor of $30,000, happened to make the acquaintance of a Mr. George Taylor, employed in one of our first-rate business houses. After a short time it was arranged that the parties should be married in December last. To this arrangement the young lady's mother at first acceded, but subsequently withdrew her consent, and watched further movements on the part of her daughter with a cautious eye. But her caution was destined to be fruitless, for about ten days ago George and Emma contrived through the means of an artful and well designed plan to elude the vigilance of the old lady, by getting married in a certain house in Ninth street, where they had two days previous snugly ensconsed a clergyman from New Jersey. The news shortly reached the mother's ears, who immediately resorted to the rather stale device of locking her daughter up. Taylor procured a writ of *habeas corpus* to obtain his wife, and proceeded to the house of his mother-in-law in Thirteenth street for the purpose of serving it, but on his arrival found to his astonishment that that sagacious person had taken to herself wings, had flown off, and was nowhere to be found. Dismayed, but not disconcerted, our hero turned his entire attention to that personage, and hurried away in pursuit of her, and on the day following was so fortunate as to espy the much sought-after individual in a carriage. With the speed of an antelope he rushed towards the vehicle, dragged open its door, and thrust the obnoxious document into her lap. At first she refused having anything to say to so commonplace an affair as a vulgar writ, but finally made up her mind that it was useless to demur. The writ was returnable on Saturday last, and on the afternoon of that day the case was called up. Neither the defendant nor her daughter were present; not so however with the plaintiff Taylor, who is about 24 years of age, and presented very much the cut and figure of a dry-goods clerk, to which business he belongs. After some forensic sparing on the part of Council on both sides, the case was further adjourned until Tuesday, the 19th inst.

CHARLES MACKAY.—This individual continues to be as amusing as ever. When not engaged in delivering a series of nonsensical lectures, equally devoid of truth, genius or instruction, he employs his time in writing letters on the condition and peculiarities of things in America, for the benefit of the London public. It is easy to determine where Mackay gets his information. Now and again he falls in among a lot of jokers who, having nothing special to engage their attention for the time being, amuse themselves by plying him with a variety of ridiculous stories, which our hero instantly commits to paper and transmits to London by the next steamer. As there happens to be an injustice even in carrying a joke too far, it would be well those practical jokers would desist and not continue to bewilder this person of obscure and narrow intellect. Desist, gentlemen, you have carried the joke too far, even in a case where one of the Cockney tribe appears to be the butt.

GARROTING A LADY.—A boarder at the Grammercy Park House, named Mrs. Caroline E. Hughes, while passing along East Fifteenth street, on Wednesday of last week, suddenly found herself in the clutches of a stout-looking fellow, who seized her by the throat. The woman cried "Police," when fortunately her cry was heard by an officer, who took the would-be robber into custody. He gave his name as Henry Watkins, and is an American by birth. The Police Justice refused to take bail, and Henry was committed for trial.

The different Recruiting Stations in this city are doing a brisk business. In consequence of the scarcity of employment numbers of young men are offering themselves for the service. These persons prefer going to Utah to fight the Mormons than to remain in New York and its vicinity to contend against poverty.

Immigration to this port from Ireland, England and Scotland, has almost ceased. Vessels usually accustomed to bring five hundred passengers or more do not bring more than one-tenth that number now. It is expected, however, that the German principalities will supply a large number of immigrants.

ARRIVAL OF THE STAR OF THE WEST—The *Star of the West* arrived at this port on the evening of Wednesday, the 13th inst., with considerably over a million and a half in treasure. The news is unimportant, if we except the release of Colonel Anderson and the remnant of Walker's filibusters from the clutches of the Costa Ricans and Nicaraguans. The *Colonel's* buffoonery and braggadocio it appears was the cause of getting him into a predicament from which it was impossible he could escape were it not for the interference of Captain Sands, of the American steam frigate *Susquehanna*, who, seeing the desperate condition he was in, and the certainty of his destruction, sailed several miles up the San Juan River, and succeeded in taking him and his ragamuffins on board.

THAT "COMPLAINT BOOK."—The complaint book inaugurated in the Mayor's office some three or four years since, and after a time discontinued, has again grown into favor, the Police Commissioners having opened one recently. As formerly, its pages continue to be filled, from day to day, with a variety of complaints. The great evil to be apprehended from such a concern as this is to be found in the fact that the dilapidated and nervous among both sexes will fly to its pages for relief against all the ills, real or imagined, with which they conceive themselves to be afflicted, thus taking up the time of the police, while they should be employed in correcting and making away with real abuses. Now errors of the nature we have pointed out should be vigilantly guarded against.

On Wednesday night a colored man named James Roberts was found stabbed on the sidewalk opposite the Astor House. Subsequent investigation led to the discovery that Roberts met his death wound at the hands of a person named Morgan L. Phillips, a doctor doing business at No. 25 Chambers street. Philips deposed that while going along Nassau street after 9 o'clock, P. M., he was attacked by two white men and a negro, and that in self-defence he stabbed the negro. The Coroner's Jury returned a verdict in accordance with the above facts, justifying the act on the part of Philips. The Coroner, however, required Philips to give bail in the sum of $1,000, to insure his appearance in case he should be needed.

A section of the small prophetic sort to be found here prognosticate a summer brimful of epidemic, in consequence of the almost unprecedented mildness of the present winter, and ground their apprehensions on the stale, exploded and threadbare adage, so well known to young and old, that "A green Christmas makes a fat churchyard." Basing our confidence on Omnipotence itself in preference to old "saws," we augur no such calamity as this presaged by the modern soothsayers, strong in the assurance that He who softened the winter's rigidity can and will avert a calamity such as this with which we are threatened by those latter-day prophets. Let none such be trusted.

A splendid painting by Murillo, representing the "Immaculate Conception," is at present on exhibition at 353 Broadway, for the benefit of some charitable societies. The picture is the property of Mr. Aspinwall, and belonged to the late King of Holland. It attracts much attention. Here is a description. In the midst of a glory, and surrounded by groups of angels, the virgin, her hair flowing, her hands crossed on her breast, her feet resting on the crescent of the moon, whose points are turned upward, is rising from the clouds in the immensity of the heavens.

There were 425 deaths in this city during the past week, being an increase of 38 as compared with the mortality of the week previous. The total number of deaths in New York during the year 1857 amounted to 23,196, being an increase of 1,933 over the mortality for 1856.

The *Sun* has procured the advertisement of all letters remaining in the N. Y. Post-office. The advertisement is given to the daily paper enjoying the largest circulation. The proprietors of the *Sun* claim a daily circulation of 37,000 for that journal.

A still further reduction in the price of beef took place on last market day. The total decline for two weeks has been from 1 1-2 to 2 cents per lb. It is to be hoped the butchers will extend the benefit of the reduction to their customers.

A new trial has been ordered by the Court of Appeals in the case of Michael Cancemi, the Italian charged with the murder of Policeman Anderson in July last

Smith, the proprietor of the Sea View House, has sued the N. Y. *Daily Times* for libel.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

WHY KEEP POTATOES IN THE DARK.

It is often observed by good housekeepers that their best potatoes come from the bottom of the bin or barrel, where they are the most effectually guarded from the light, and often covered with the soil that has sifted down from the upper layers. It is often recommended that this vegetable be kept in a dark cellar. It has been suggested that one reason of the deterioration of this vegetable is owing, in part, to the fact, that cellars in all the modern built houses are made much more light and airy, than they were thirty years ago.

The potato is in its most perfect condition when it is fully ripe, and has the largest share of starch in its composition. If it could be kept in the ground, without freezing so as to destroy its vitality, it would remain nearly unchanged in its character until the following spring, when the increased warmth of the sun would excite the germs. Art should attempt to do what nature does perfectly, in the original home of the potato. It is kept in a cool, dark deposit of vegetable mould until the spring opens. In the good old-fashioned cellar which kept potatoes, when we were a boy, these conditions were very well observed. The bin was in the darkest, coolest part of the cellar, and the potatoes were deposited there with the dirt on them, as they came from the field, and they saw no ray of light, except that of a candle, from November until March. They were only kept from freezing, in the zero nights, by a thick covering of rye straw.

In the modern built house there is usually too much light and warmth in the cellar. The potatoes come in early Winter into the light and temperature of April. The reproductive instincts of the tuber are excited, the eyes begin to start, and the starch which makes the potato so mealy and nice, as an article of food, begins to pass over into other compounds, favorable to the growth of a new crop. The reproductive energy seems to be weakened by this untimely light and heat. It looks reasonable that this course, followed up for a long series of years, should have an unfavorable influence upon the health of the plant. Market gardeners are alive to this fact, and let their early potatoes, ripe in July, lie in the ground until November before they dig them. They are then kept in a cool, dark cellar, until it is time to start them for planting.—*American Agriculturist.*

TETANUS AMONG HORSES.—Tetanus or lock-jaw among horses is becoming quite prevalent of late, and it becomes those who are interested to gather all the information they can relative to the cause of this disease, and the remedy for it. This disease is curable if taken early, but if neglected becomes fatal. It is brought on by over driving, heavy sweats, and exposure and neglect while heated.—*Farmer.*

NEW YORK MARKETS.

The continued mild weather tends to keep the markets abundantly supplied with those vegetables which are ordinarily frozen in at this season.

Cabbages especially admit of being removed now that the ground is open and as they are keeping poorly, large quantities are thrown into the market at low prices.

Potatoes are unchanged. Some ten or twelve cargoes of Nova Scotia's are now at our wharves, the owners of which have been holding back for cold weather and a quicker market. Prices are not improving, however, and as some cargoes are beginning to heat, and the "lay days" of others are nearly expired, they may be shoved into market.

Very few sweet potatoes are now in market, and these are held at high prices.

Turnips are plenty, at low prices.

Squashes are received from the Eastern squash houses, in good order, and in full supply. They are keeping well.

Celery, like cabbages, is keeping poorly in consequence of the warm, wet weather.

Spinach, fetticus and kale are plenty and cheap.

Poultry is quiet, with a fair supply coming in.

Butter is accumulating in the City, with no improvement in the demand. The trade is emphatically dull on all save a few of the best packages, of which there is no surplus stock, dealers objecting to break a dairy for such packages.

Fresh Eggs are more abundant. Philadelphia is sending on some 60 or 100 barrels per day. Baltimore is also sending on to this market. They are now held at about 19c. ℔ dozen.

COFFEE is in limited demand at former prices. Sales have been confined to small lots Java at 16c., and 250 bags Rio at 8¾@10¼c. ℔ lb.

COTTON is less active, but is stiffly held. Sales 700 bales, including Middling Upland, at 10c. ℔ lb., and other grades at proportionate figures.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for State and Western Flour opened with a fair inquiry at uniform rates, but closed tamely and languidly. Sales 8,000 bbls

Common to good Superfine	$4 25@4 50
Extra State	4 45@ 4 65
Superfine Michigan and Illinois	4 25@ 4 35
Superfine Ohio	4 30@ 4 40
Fancy Ohio	4 40@ 4 60
Extra Indiana and Michigan	4 50@ 6 00
Extra Ohio	4 55@ 6 50
Fancy Genesee	4 60@ 4 80
Extra Genesee	5 00@ 7 00
Low to very choice extra Missouri	5 00@ 8 00

Canadian is heavy and drooping. Sales 900 bbls. superfine to extra at $4 25@$6 ℔ bbl. Southern is sparingly inquired for at old rates. Sales 800 bbls. inferior mixed to choice extra at $4 25@$7 75 ℔ bbl. Rye Flour is in fair demand at languid prices at $3@$4 for fine to superfine ℔ bbl Corn Meal is quiet, yet steady, at $3@$3 10 for Jersey, and $3 50 for Brandywine, ℔ bbl.

FRUIT—About 400 boxes layer raisins were sold at $2 40.

GRAIN—Wheat is arriving very slowly, while the demand is improving both for home use and for export, at strengthening prices. Sales 10,000 bushels, in lots, including ordinary Red Western at $1 08½; fair White Southern at $1 35; and good amber color do. at $1 15 ℔ bushel. Corn is plentier and cheaper. Sales 16,500 bushels new crop at 72@73½c. for Yellow and White Jersey Southern ℔ bushel. Northern Rye is in better supply, and is dull at 72@73c. ℔ bushel, delivered. Barley is inactive, yet steady, at 70@80c. ℔ bushel; 2,600 bushels Barley Malt brought 90c. ℔ bushel. Oats are in demand, and are steady at 45@46c. for Western; 42@44c. for State; 34@39c for Jersey and Pennsylvania, and 29@37c. for Southern, per bushel.

HAY—The sales embraced 600 to 800 bales at 65@75c. per 100 lbs.

EDUCATION.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY,

TROY, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Entrance to the Academy, 237 Fourth Street.

THE object of this Institution is the Christian Education of Children. Its fine situation, and the extent and arrangement of the grounds attached to it, render it, in point of salubrity, all that can be desired, while the house destined for the pupils is fitted up in a style of comfort and even elegance, not surpassed by any establishment of the kind. The greatest attention is paid to the moral and physical well-being of the children, and a paternal vigilance is at all times extended over them.

Two Sessions, of twenty-three weeks each, constitute the academic year. No one is received for a shorter period than a session, nor will any deduction be made in case of withdrawal before the expiration of the session.

The Course of Instruction comprises the Elementary, and all the higher branches of English Education, French, Drawing, Music, &c., &c. Particular attention paid to English Composition, Bookkeeping, and the Mathematics. The Academy is provided with an extensive Cabinet of apparatus for the use of Classes in Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Surveying, &c.

Terms:

Board and Tuition, per annum	$100
Washing and Mending	20
Books and Stationery	12
Music—Vocal and Instrumental	12
Do (with Piano) do	24

Payable half-yearly, on entrance, and during the first week of second session. No departure from the above terms.

☞ With the exception of Doctor's Fees, there is no extra charge whatever.

N. B.—Each boarder should have a sufficiency of Linen and Clothing. The uniform of the Institution comes to $9 or $10. dec5 tf

St. Patrick's Young Ladies' Academy,

CONDUCTED BY THE

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME,

LOWELL.

Terms:

For Board and Tuition, per Session of 46 Weeks, one Quarter payable in advance	$100 00
Washing	12 00
For Half-Boarders, who dine at the Academy, per Session, as above	50 00
Piano and Vocal Music, per Quarter	12 00
Guitar "	12 00
Painting and Drawing	6 00
No extra charge for French.	

THE system of instruction, commencing with the elements of an English and French education, will embrace Orthography, Reading, Grammar, Writing in various styles, Composition, Arithmetic, Algebra, Book-Keeping by single and double entry; History, Sacred and Profane, Ancient and Modern; Chronology, Geography, the use of the Globes and projection of Maps, Astronomy, Mythology, Botany, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

French being generally spoken by the Ladies, the course of instruction in that tongue will be thorough and mature, affording in familiar conversation, as well as recitation (during which special attention will be devoted to purity of accent and idiom), ample facilities for a perfect acquisition of the language.

Plain Sewing, Embroidery on Lace and Muslin, Bead, Chenille, Shell, Pearl and Wax Work, Tapestry, &c.

Drawing in Crayon, Indian Ink and Black Lead; Painting in Oriental Style, in water colors; Music, vocal and instrumental, Piano and Guitar. In short, all the branches usually taught in the best schools, shall be objects of attention and study in this Institute.

Pupils who board at the Academy should be provided with two pairs of Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Table Napkins, Knife, Silver Fork, Spoon, a Silver or Britannia Goblet, Combs and Brushes. ag8 3m

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY INFANCY,

MANHATTANVILLE, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

THIS Institution is pleasantly situated on the Hudson River, eight miles from the City of New York, and of very easy access by the Hudson River Railroad, and also by a line of Stages from the City.

Terms:

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